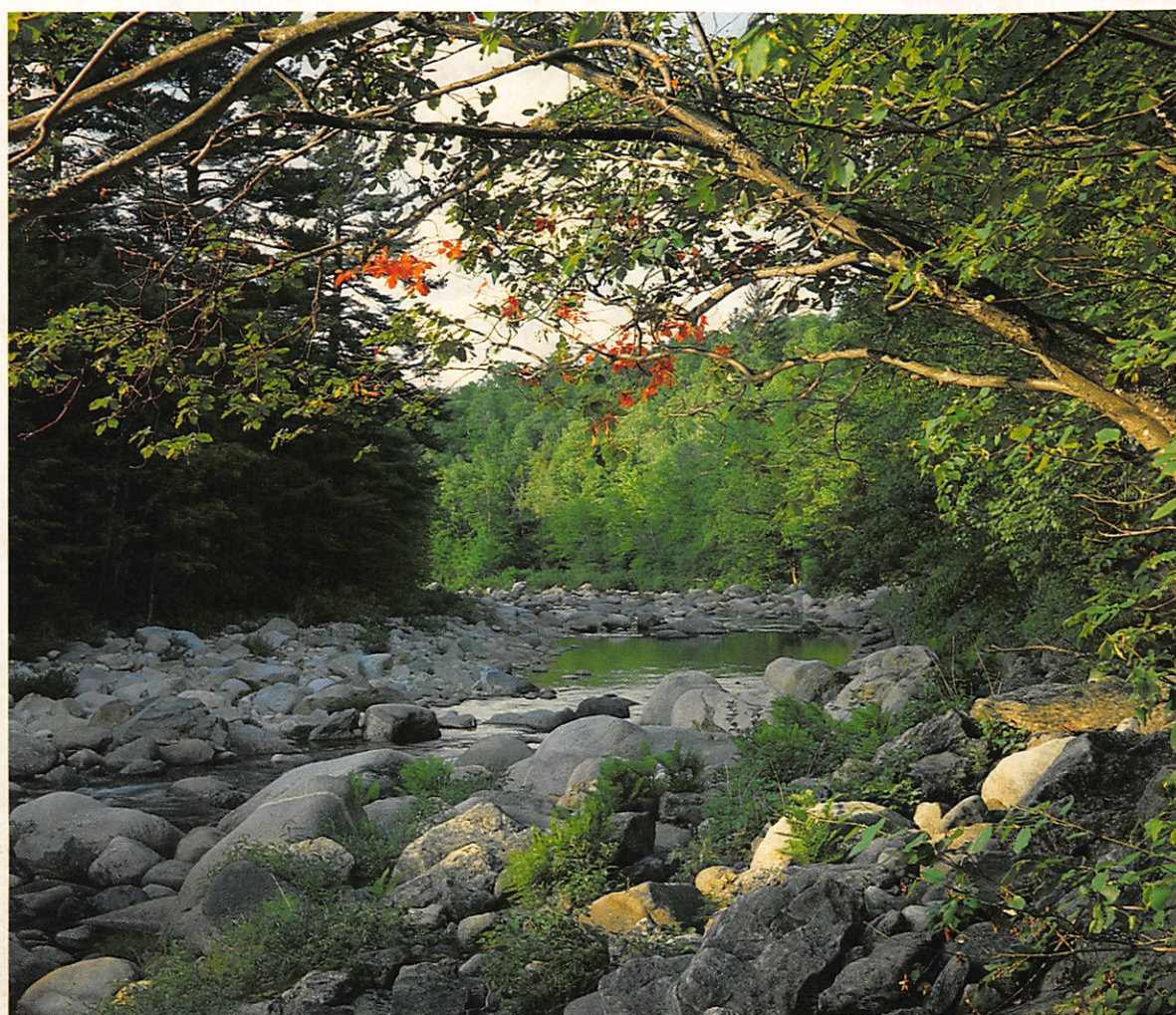


ONE DOLLAR

Bitter Sweet

MAINE'S PEOPLE IN PERSPECTIVE

VOLUME FIVE, NUMBER NINE
SEPTEMBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY TWO



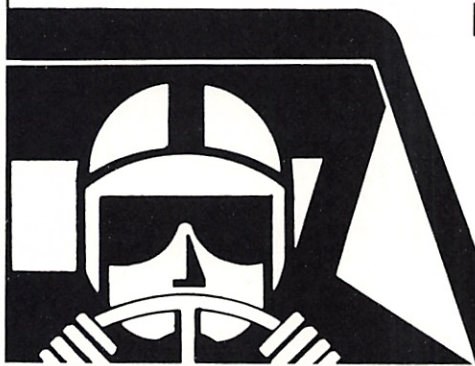
Wild River In Fall by Robert Johnson

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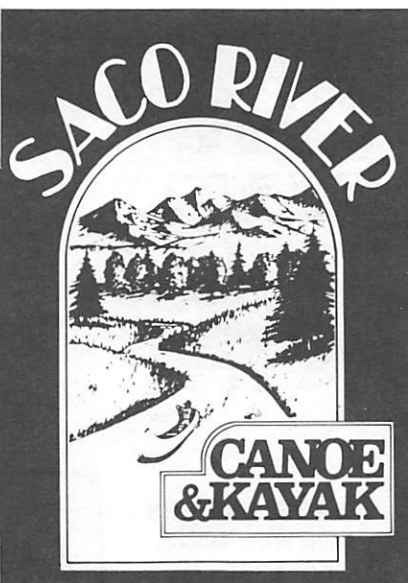
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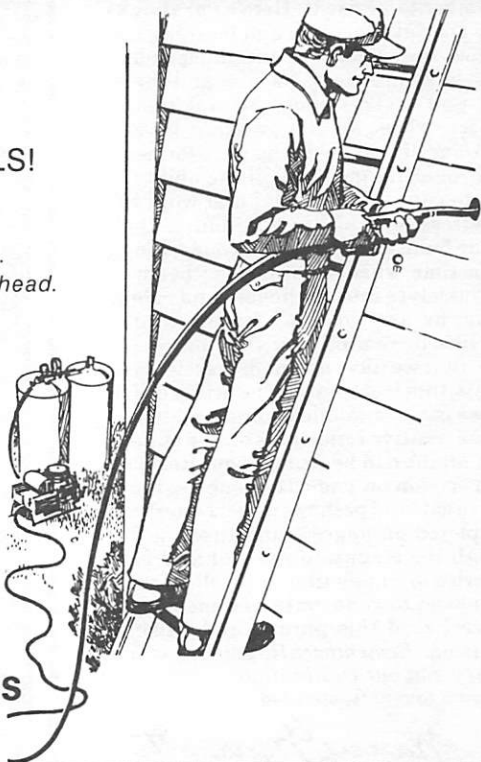
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Bitter Sweet Views

Autumn has never seemed like an *end* to me—rather a *beginning*. As much as I loved summer, and as much as I loved our summer visitors, from the time I was eleven, September meant a respite from my job at the family camping area on Keoka Lake in South Waterford—and, gloriously, the beginning of *school*!

School was a great personal experience: friends, favorite teachers, new clothes, activities, and, best of all, *learning* all kinds of things—the more, the better.

In this issue, you will find a wealth of material and knowledge, from stories of several admirable teachers on pages 9 and 17, to the prolific outpourings of many students (beginning on page 11), to the histories of Gilead (pg. 21) and the Grand Trunk line (page 28).

We know, however, that for many students school is not pleasurable; rather, it is an ordeal. And for many people suffering depression, fall may seem like the end of warmth, the death of leaves and color, the harbinger of holidays like Thanksgiving and Christmas—some of the most dangerous times of the year for the mentally ill and emotionally distraught.

There is help out there—and we choose September to praise it. Here's our thanks to the special educators and learning disabilities instructors; to the independent counselors, ministers, doctors, and therapists; and to Tri-County Mental Health Services, whose special program *We Are Not Alone* offers those who were formerly the chronically mentally ill the ability to learn to cope with a social and work life that stresses us all (in addition to their regular family and personal counselling).

In a time when we in Maine begin to shut ourselves into our houses and cabins and farms, to "hole up" for the winter, we'd like to remind you that no one is alone, that we have all felt depression and despair, that isolation can be bridged, and that we can communicate and find help.

Some positive reflections on the state of life in Maine can be found in our Readers' Room section on page 24. Some healthier ways to eat (and perhaps to feel better) can be explored on pages 5 and Insert g. All through the magazine you will find fond memories of happy times as well as some good places to go to make new memories.

Once I read this phrase, and I like to pass it on: *Remember, Happiness is our Journey, not our Destination.*

Have a lovely September.

Nancy Marcotte



AYAH—it was a great summer, and the right friendly folks at LONGLEY'S have a few helpful hints to make next summer just as GREAT!

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Bitter Sweet

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Western Maine Perspectives

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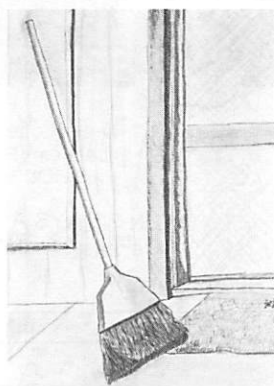
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Cross Roads



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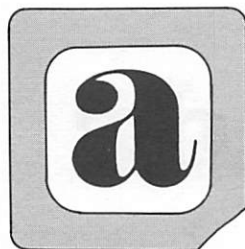
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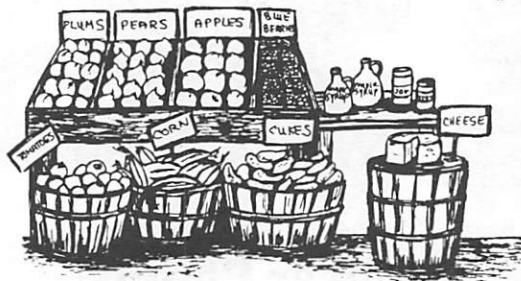
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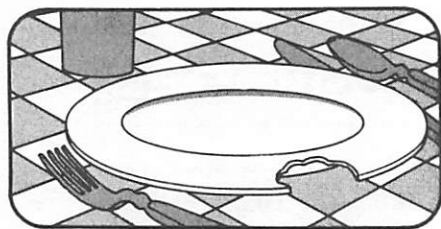
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AUNT ELSIE'S COOKBOOK

Some time ago, friends had some logging done by two men and three Belgians. I had never watched logging horses work, so I showed up for the proceedings. Halfway through the morning, the men came out of the woods to unhitch Mike and unhitch Sandy. "Union horses," they explained.

Mike, only five, was the biggest of the three, with feet like saucepan lids, legs like young telephone poles, and a face as long as the proverbial day's work. It was hard to imagine Sir Lancelot carving up dragons from the back of such as Mike. Here my husband hummed a few bars from *Camelot* for atmosphere. You always have to see knights in shining armor in slow motion because of the weight they carried.

Mike stood snoozing, flapping his lower lip, tied by one strand of baling twine to a saw horse. If he had sneezed, he'd have broken the baling twine. If he had turned his head to go for a fly, he'd have lifted the saw horse. That baling twine seems to be what keeps Mainers hitched to their part of the world. All the weather needs to do is snort once when it shouldn't, and there goes the hay crop or the garden or all the trees on the woodlot. All of us in Maine must practice the art of not snapping the twine with meticulous balance and attention.

Thinking about such precarious matters usually sends me leafing through Aunt Elsie's cookbook. I never met her. She was my husband's great aunt and died before I came to Maine. Her cookbook is a blue leather notebook about the size of a paperback. Two rubber bands hold it together because all the recipes were written on pieces of paper and just crammed in. Nothing is hooked into the rings; copying could (and did) wait.

The recipes come from the north country forty years ago and then some. They range from various shuddery combinations of jello, marshmallows, and fruit in molded salads, to

Food For Thought by Lucia Owen

supremely authentic Yankee fare. There isn't a garlic clove in the whole book, but there are three different baked bean recipes. The most cosmopolitan recipe is for American chop suey. I cheer Aunt Elsie, who wasn't hampered by any "gourmet" foolishness, but who cooked what people liked.

I've never lavished Aunt Elsie's recipes on anyone, probably because they're the closest to authentic ancestral "cooking secrets" that I'll ever get. The cookbook itself, I realize, will be my only link to legendary cooks and historical recipes. I did not, to my knowledge, have a grandmother who could bake a cake from a list of ingredients with no proportions. Somewhere in my family tree such a person surely exists, but she is lost and anonymous.

Baling twine seems to be what keeps Mainers hitched to their part of the world . . . all of us in Maine must practice not snapping the twine with meticulous balance and attention.

However, now that I've lived in Maine longer than ten years, I feel less proprietary and more altruistic about Aunt Elsie's gems. Having faced the great vegetable garden explosion, I sympathize with others who must do something with the green tomatoes, beans, zucchini, onions, and potatoes simultaneously. I feel a sense of responsibility as well.

So, in a spirit of cooperation toward my fellow gardeners and generosity toward my neighbors' taste buds, I will part with Aunt Elsie's recipe for picallili. She named many of her recipes for the friends who gave them to her. Passing over Roma's Baked Beans and Eula's Baked Beans, I find Mrs. Hale's Picallili. This will make 12 pints and can easily be halved.

My husband prefers this with baked beans over other condiments. I certainly rely on his taste when judging the authenticity of a Yankee dish,

though I like the picallili just as well on the more prosaic all-American hot dog.

Mrs. Hale's Picallili

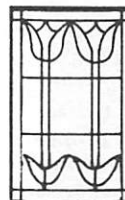
8 qts. green tomatoes
12 sweet red peppers
12 green peppers
1 qt. small onions

Put all of the liquid above through the medium disc of a food mill, drain off the liquid and turn the drained vegetables into a large enamel kettle. Add 2 qts. cider vinegar and boil uncovered for 30 minutes, stirring frequently. Drain the vegetables and return them to the pot along with the following:

1 qt. cider vinegar
7 cups sugar
1/2 cup salt
1 cup mustard seed
1 Tbsp. cinnamon
1 Tbsp. allspice.

Bring everything to a boil and simmer for 3 minutes. Pack into sterile jars.

Lucia Owen teaches English at Gould Academy in Bethel, where her husband Jim teaches art.



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XXIV, Vol. No. 38

RUMFORD FALLS, MAINE, SEPTEMBER 22, 1906

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A NEW ERA FOR RUMFORD

Articles Of Rumford Falls & Bethel Street Ry
Approved By Railroad Commissioners

All The Capital Stock Subscribed For By Messrs
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A Pleasure Park To Be Established At Some Point
Between This Town And Bethel.

We shall see long before winter sets in and for a reasonable price. There are many thousands of people in this part of Oxford county who if not on the line of the proposed road, would have easy access to it.

For a number of years, the phenomenal growth of Rumford Falls has seemed to urgently call for a mode to accomplish as Rumford Falls is of travel by which the people of the several towns this side of the Grand Trunk Ry could reach our town easily.

Continued on Page 10

ANOTHER LIQUOR SMUGGLER IN THE TOILS.
Louis Fortier Captured On The Mexico Road

GIRLS RETURN TO WORK
Continental Paper Bag Mill Strike Is Over
Girls Accept Company's Proposition After Three Week's Idleness

EIGHT DELEGATES APPOINTED

To Represent Rumford Board of Trade At State Board's Annual Meeting

At the Board of Trade meeting last Friday evening, eight delegates were chosen to attend the annual meeting of the State Board at Bangor next Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

The delegates chosen were:
Nelson, Moore, A. H. Morrison, Charles Jackson, J. H. Morrison.

Chisholm's mouthpiece: *The Rumford Falls Times*, Sept. 22, 1906 (courtesy of the Rumford Public Library).

Part II of *The Ill-Fated Rumford-*

Hugh Chisholm's determination to control the affairs of Rumford Falls was met with a challenge from, among others, a rival newspaper under the editorship of E. C. Bowler. Before it was over, the battle for political control left injury, destruction, and a mysterious fire at one newspaper office.

Hugh Chisholm had control over at least ten companies, the newspaper, the bank, and the railroad in the town he built—Rumford Falls. But then a new tabloid, "The Rumford Citizen," arrived in town, fostering the proposal of a rail route to Bethel; and soon Chisholm's monopoly was threatened by talk of "going into the country" and of building scenic parks amid the millworkers' tenements on his 1400 acres.

Soon thereafter, a meeting was called by Chisholm and Charles A. Mixer, agent for the Power Company, during which the subject of the Falls as a residential village was entertained. In an unexpected, but obviously well-planned move, Chisholm authorized Mixer to place at the disposal of the heads of the Electric Railway Company, twenty-seven lots to be sold for homebuilding purposes. Lots under

the Power Company's control would also be offered for sale with certain "restrictions, which Mr. Chisholm thinks necessary to insure the fulfillment of his purposes." Among these qualifications was a provision building homes "not in keeping with the neighborhood." Mixer was also quick to come to the defense of the industrialist, saying, "Mr. Chisholm had this or some similar plan in view from the first."

Initially, both the *Citizen* and the *Times* seemed to agree on the advantages of the proposed railway to Bethel. After all, some fifteen years previous a steamer had successfully made its way between the two towns on the Androscoggin. But the electric railway meant a more permanent addition to public transportation, and considering the fact that the Grand Trunk ran through Bethel, the *Times* soon

lessened its support. Earlier, the same newspaper had suggested that those travelling from the Bethel area to Norway by way of the Grand Trunk to do business, might instead come to Rumford. What undoubtedly changed the opinion of the *Times* most, however, was the fact that it was more likely people in villages along the line would travel to Bethel and from there to the South Paris area.

In September of 1906, actual surveys of the railway were made under John A. Jones of Lewiston, who quoted, "Not one locality in Maine offers such inducements to the electric railroad builder, as does this one." Comparing the several hours of travel time by horse or car to the swift one-hour trip proposed by rail, Jones stated that the location along the river would allow a higher rate of speed than other Maine lines of comparative

THE RUMFORD CITIZEN.

VOL. 1 - NUMBER 10

RUMFORD FALLS, MAINE, SEPTEMBER 29, 1906.

PRICE THREE CENTS

ELECTRIC ROAD TO BETHEL.

Railroad Commissioners Have Approved The Articles Of Incorporation.

CHIEF OBSTACLE OVERCOME AND ROAD MAY

EXTEND TO POST OFFICE SQUARE.

Work Will Doubtless Begin In The Early Spring -- All Aboard For Bethel.

The board of railroad commissioners met with the Grand Jurors in Rumford Falls, and the first order was the approval of the Rumford, Bethel and Portland Electric Road, Inc. and Bethel Street Railway, Inc. The board also approved the plan for the extension of the road to the Post Office Square in Bethel.

The incorporation of the Rumford, Bethel and Portland Electric Road, Inc. is the first step in the construction of a long-sought electric road between the two towns. The project is the result of the efforts of the Rumford Falls Electric Road Company, which has been organized for the purpose of constructing the road. The company is composed of the Rumford Falls Electric Road Company, which has been organized for the purpose of constructing the road. The company is composed of the Rumford Falls Electric Road Company, which has been organized for the purpose of constructing the road.

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A BIG CROWD

To See The Bag Mill Girls Return To Work.

Monday morning what a big crowd gathered to meet the girls who had been away from the mill for so long. The girls were met by a large crowd of people, and the girls were met by a large crowd of people, and the girls were met by a large crowd of people.

The girls were met by a large crowd of people, and the girls were met by a large crowd of people, and the girls were met by a large crowd of people. The girls were met by a large crowd of people, and the girls were met by a large crowd of people, and the girls were met by a large crowd of people.

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New Fall Goods Arriving Daily

Consisting of

High grade Men's Suits, Raincoats, Fall Top Coats, Trousers; Boys', Children's, and Youths' Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Gents' furnishings, Hats and Caps all of the latest and newest Styles now ready for inspection. Everybody invited to see our new Lines. No trouble to see them.

E. C. Bowler's paper: *The Rumford Citizen*, published in Bethel, Maine, 1906 - 1908 (courtesy of Citizen Printers, Inc., Bethel, Maine)

Bethel Electric Railway by Randall H. Bennett

length. Soon, talk arose in the countryside of recreational parks, of new hotels (one costing \$20,000 was planned but never materialized), and improved markets for locally-grown goods. And during all this the *Rumford Citizen* continued to remind readers of such benefits.

E. C. Bowler also made a point in his editorials to emphasize the dramatic increase in Rumford's liquor traffic, the possible "fixed" appointments of public officers, and the suggestion of moving the county seat from South Paris to Rumford as an ill-conceived one. To Mixer's line in the *Times*, "Mr. Chisholm's ideas have not always been to his profit, although beneficial to the town," Bowler replied, "The *Citizen* hails with pleasure this movement towards the amelioration of conditions that were creating such uneasiness." Throughout the great debate, Bowler liked to call his product a "people's paper" and during the next two years continued to print in Bethel his columns attacking the one-man rule at Rumford Falls.

By early 1907, hearings had been

held in most of the towns along the line, to allow a right-of-way to be granted for the electric railway construction on property owned by the several towns. In Bethel, crowds attended one large meeting in the Cole Block's Odeon Hall to proclaim the line and the near possibility of finally having electricity in town. As one Bethelite later said, "There were no kickers or cold water throwers in evidence."

Meanwhile, back in Rumford, tempers were rising and factions were obviously splitting down the middle. Colonel George Bisbee, speaking at one hearing on behalf of the Chisholm interests, wanted nothing to do with the line and stressed an added cost to taxpayers for new bridges, the repair of damaged water lines and general maintenance of streets the railway would need to use. He was

In Bethel, there was no opposition to the proposed line. In Rumford, though, tempers were rising and factions were splitting.

holm interests, wanted nothing to do with the line and stressed an added cost to taxpayers for new bridges, the repair of damaged water lines and general maintenance of streets the railway would need to use. He was

soon further outraged when several lists of supporters were produced. In the end, only a few businessmen refused to sign in favor of the line. The next day, scores of people made their way to the Strathglass Block to congratulate Bowler on his coverage of the hearing, for the voters had, not surprisingly, approved the use of Rumford streets and bridges late the night before.

In January of 1907 a clear sign of growing trouble made itself known when several local Rumford businessmen resigned as officers of the Rumford National Bank in response to pressure to refrain from further supporting the railway venture. The *Citizen* carried the story with praise for the resignations. Under the heading, "Fierce Gale," the paper also gave an account of how one evening soon thereafter, a window of the E. K. Day store was blown in and the resulting current of air soon "blew" two more out on the opposite side of the building. Hinting of damage due to something other than "natural causes," one item accounted the destruction of a huge

window in the Gonya Brothers Store. It seems the store sign had made its way through on the same gust of wind!

Future issues of the *Rumford Citizen* continued such exposés, while the *Times* remained strangely silent. A Mr. J. H. McKeeman, a strong railway supporter in town, riding with one of Chisholm's mill managers in a sleigh, was struck by a log and knocked to the ground, receiving serious injury. Of the incident and Chisholm's employee, Mr. Palmer, the *Citizen* stated, "Mr. Palmer escaped without injury except he seemed to have lost his senses for he was sought out by the *Citizen* man and for some reason seemed decidedly tongue-tied. We trust he will regain his speech."

Under the name "Commoner," one writer in Bowler's paper weekly issued declarations against everything from high postal rates to the horror of tenement life, and always with the finger of guilt pointed in Chisholm's direction. Bowler himself warned of the possibility of the Railroad Commissioners denying a charter for the railway under "guidance" from cer-

tain factions. As 1907 progressed, it was only too apparent that little actual work would be done as long as the town remained in such turmoil.

One of the major issues of that year was the election of Selectman for Rumford. As there again were those in favor of the electric line and those against, speeches and political leaflets were the rage. In the end, it was made known in every possible manner to the vast number of mill laborers exactly how much they might "pay" to have the railway built and also Hugh Chisholm's feelings in the matter. As a result, the anti-railway forces were soon secure with a high margin of the vote.

Though articles describing work on the electric railway survey and continued efforts to purchase land along the route appeared sporadically in both Rumford papers, perhaps the event that darkened the chances for the line—and spelled out a final warning to Bowler and his paper—was the destruction by fire of a large part of the Bethel newspaper plant. (The marks of that May, 1907 fire which began mysteriously in the basement of the Cole Block on Bethel's Main Street and extensively damaged the structure, can still be seen today in the plant of *The Bethel Oxford County Citizen*.) Said the *Bridgton News* of the event: "Rumford Falls, the big Oxford County metropolis, is getting large enough, with the population big cities attract, to be wicked. The reports of murder, arson, and vice of all varieties, indicate that it is keeping up to the requirements!" Though the fire was a direct blow to Bowler and his constituents, support for the electric railway was still much in evidence during the winter of 1907-08, especially with those living along the proposed route. But Rumford Falls remained a turbulent pocket of distrust and argument.

One of the more interesting by-products of the controversy appeared in the form of a postcard of the street railway that soon was advertised as available at one Congress Street store. "It shows a car of the proposed railway," the ad went on, "stalled in front of the store. Then in plain sight is the elevated train from Andover . . . then also there is the flying machine 'Bemis' floating majestically above the tops of the blocks." For many, the railway to Bethel must have seemed nothing but a scheme, but few on either side

stood on solid enough ground to accuse the other. And no doubt the many benefits the citizens of Rumford did receive through Mr. Chisholm's generosity helped in the long term to sway more to his side.

It probably came as no surprise, therefore, when in April of 1908 E. C. Bowler announced that henceforth the *Rumford Citizen* would attempt to cover all of Oxford County more evenly, would change from a six to a twelve-page paper, would be known as *The Oxford County Citizen*, and what was most important, would move back to Bethel permanently. At least for a time, the fight seemed over.

During the next four years, one notes in *The Oxford County Citizen's* pages, Bowler's hopeful praise of attempts to get the railway proposal off the ground. In some instances, it was projected to connect onto small lines in Norway-South Paris, Fryeburg, Lovell, Stoneham, or Berlin, N.H., but little action was ever taken.

In Rumford, things were reasonably quiet after 1908 on the railway issue and few people opposing Mr. Chisholm's activities sought to indicate their sentiments in print. But for Bowler, who left Bethel for Portland in 1912, remaining to fight for the ill-fated railroad meant that "standing still would be going backward." Many years later, writing of the aggressive battle with the powerful monopoly at Rumford Falls, Bowler set down in his usual facetious style:

This is the History of Oxford County until the period when Hugh J. Chisholm looked upon the Great Falls at Rumford, and said, "Let there be power, ten years hence," and said to this man, "Goeth thou up the River," and to another man, "Goeth thou down the River and buy ye all the land of whatever sort ye can bargain for. I, Chisholm, will supply the funds wherewith to pay. Yea, there will be Power here, and I will be It!"

Bennett is a writer and historian from Rumford, presently working on the Oxford County Historical Resource Survey.

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SISTER SOLANGE BERNIER

20 years at St. Dominic's by Denis Ledoux

"Teaching can demand very little accounting of a person, it's sad to say," says Sister Solange Bernier, O.S.U., who has taught for more years than her St. Dominic's High School students are old.

"In some schools, teachers can do very little or a lot, and it makes little difference to their evaluations. But those teachers who are cowardly in pursuing their teaching vocations, who are lazy, who are not ambitious for their students, deprive today's youths. They are not worthy to be teachers."

As a former teacher who has reluctantly given up on teaching, I understand all too well what she is saying. And I am amazed at Sr. Solange's vitality after years in the classroom. Too often, in teacher rooms, I have heard teachers boast about how little work they are putting in, about how they never bring books or papers home. Sr. Solange, after decades in the classroom, evinces none of the cynicism and dullness that characterize so many other long-time teachers. She is full of energy.

"Every spring," she confesses, "I say, 'I've got to cut back in my work;' but, every fall, when I come face-to-face with my new students, I just go at it again."

"Enough of this being tired," I say. I just can't sit back and not do what, deep inside, I know has to be done. For me to do less would be cowardly."

We sit in her third floor Pine Street kitchen, talking about education (pedagogy) in general and about teaching at St. Dom's in particular.

True to its Franco-American origins, St. Dom's has a strong French language program. All freshmen and sophomores are required to study French and many juniors and seniors opt to elect French. The senior honors French class numbers 15—a large number when the total school enrollment is 380.

These students are earning 4 college credits from Biddeford's University of New England. Their honors course is a

French Canadian literature and culture course with Sister Solange.

"In addition to classwork, students perform in a play alternating yearly between a French and a French Canadian text. This year's selection is Molière's *L'Avare*. The students also may go on a trip to Quebec City and participate in the active French club. Among other activities, the French Club members make themselves available to help out Franco-American organizations and clubs. I feel this extension into the community is important. It gives the students a large context in which to make use of their French."

"Every year, our students place well in regional and national competitions. They usually do well in the National Association of Teachers of French competitions, for instance. It's good for them to see that their efforts are being rewarded and it's good for us teachers to know that our work is not for nothing. The students are learning."

Sr. Solange was born in Lewiston and attended St. Mary's School on Oxford Street, in the heart of the city's *Petit Canada*. She boarded at Waterville's Mt. Merici Academy—like St. Mary's, an Ursuline School. From there she entered the Ursulines and went on to receive her B.A. from St. Michael's

Below, left, Brother Bob Croteau, S.C., Principal of St. Dom's. Below, right, a French class in session.

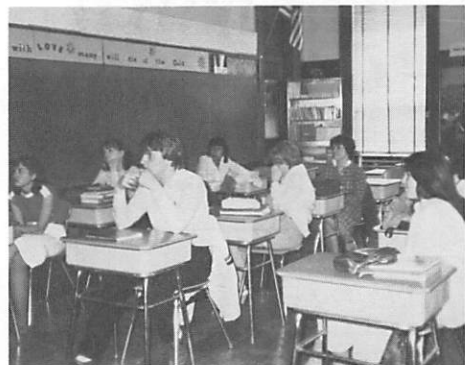


College in Winooski, Vermont; an M.A. in Theology from Indiana's Notre Dame College. She has studied at Boston College, Colby College, and the *université de Dijon*. Sr. Solange has been the recipient of awards including one from the French government for "fidelity to the French language."

"My students are more preoccupied than ever with preparing themselves for employment. Sometimes I overhear them speaking only of salaries available from various jobs. I would like for them to consider too the satisfactions that they can get from these jobs. I try to tell them that there is something which money cannot buy, that work can produce an interior wealth which no one will be able to take away from them."

"In our French-Canadian literature and culture class, we were studying *Bonheur d'Occasion* by Gabrielle Roy. The father in the story has been forced to abandon carpentry for work in the factories. This enables him to pull his family through difficult times, but leaves him empty. Carpentry had been fulfilling for him; it was not work the way factory jobs were. That's what I try to tell my students. Look for a job which offers life values in addition to the monetary compensations."

"I enjoy doing what I'm doing. I am a lucky woman. I have received joy and satisfaction working with Franco-



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Americans, teaching Franco-American youths. I've been able to share what's deepest in me."

Wearing a blue habit—skirt, jacket, short veil—and a white blouse, her face is open and vibrant. Pinned to her jacket is a crucifix. An Ursuline since 1941, she is unmistakably a nun who is very involved with the world.

The Ursulines, along with nuns of many other congregations, have moved out of their convents into apartments. The reason is as practical as philosophical and exhibits the congregation's ability to adapt.

For years the Ursulines had staffed St. Mary's School in Lewiston; but, when the school closed, there was no longer a need for a large number of Ursulines in the area. And, too, fewer women were entering the religious life.

After the Ursulines moved out of St. Mary's parish convent (it has since been sold and converted into apartments: Place Ste. Marie), Sr. Solange and two other nuns rented a large third-floor apartment. It fronts the southwest and so, on a sunny day, is filled with light. Like many other older Lewiston apartments, it has double parlors. The nuns use the first parlor as a living room and the second as a chapel. It manages to be a quiet room, a place of prayer and meditation.

The occupants of the other two apartments are elderly people who find going out to Mass, especially in the winter, to be difficult. They come up regularly for Mass with the nuns.

"We feel we are part of a community here," says Sr. Solange. "The others in the building are happy to have us and we are happy to be with them."

One suspects, however, that to understand Sister Solange, one must return to the classroom, to her students, to teaching.

"I can't sit back and let a culture die. I tell my students that by being intensely Franco-American they contribute to America's cultural richness. Too often, Americans don't appreciate the diversity of this country's cultural heritage. I'm not saying that being Franco is more important than anything else. All the cultures are important. If I were Polish or Yankee, I'd be just as proud of my Polish or Yankee heritage. But, I'm Franco-American, so by appreciating this, I come to appreciate not only my own heritage but my humanity and the humanity of everyone about me.

"A teacher cannot meet the needs of every student. That's impossible. You try to help as many as you can, knowing that some will always be beyond your reach. Others will seem beyond your reach, but your efforts will bear fruit in a number of years.

"I get letters from students who were in my classes years ago and they tell me they finally understand what I was trying to say in junior year, for instance. These 'testimonials' keep me going. They help me to realize that I'm not only working for today but for tomorrow."



A scene from Moliere's *L'Avare*, presented by the French 4 students.

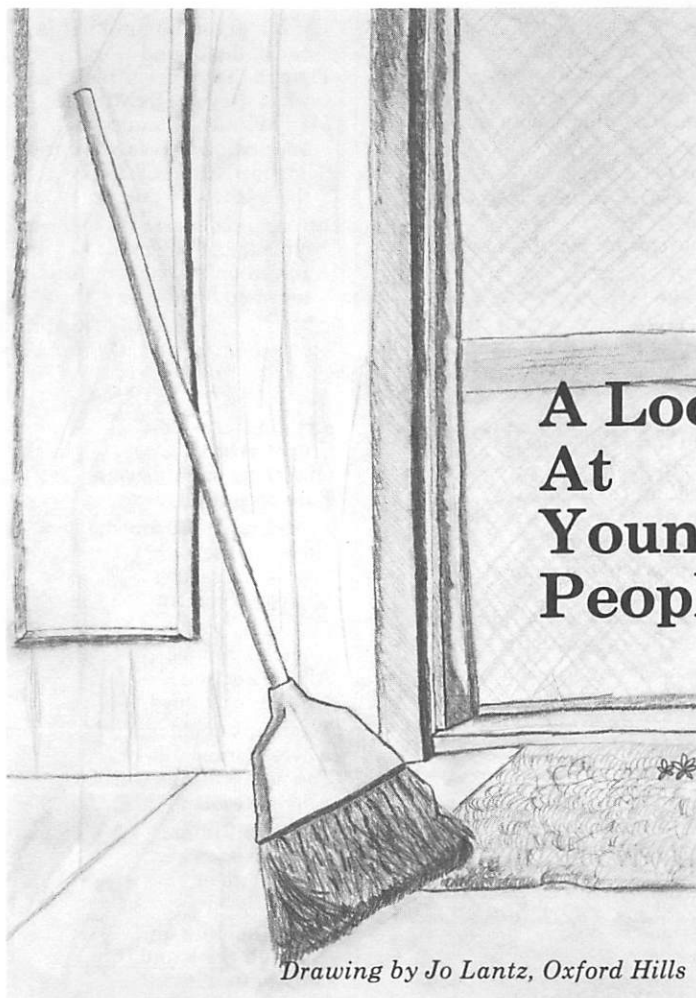
SCOUTS IN DARK COSTUME

Our life is an endless circle
 And Man is the drafter of the track
 He has his own destination
 And watching am I from the back.
 War and Death but in the news
 And tragedy happens to some
 And man is forging the future
 A morning that never does come.
 On, evermore Technology goes
 Where to? What next? Nobody knows. A
 race against time; it wins every time
 Missiles from arrows and bows.
 Uncle Sam wields a new saber
 And no one knows what's 'round the bend
 Though culture may change and genes
 rearrange
 It's all the same in the end.
 We all are scouts in dark costume
 The future is never unveiled
 Even some great civilization
 Can't track the great hill that we've scaled.
 And why can't this snowfield be changed?
 Does failure thrive in a new bird?
 Except in the case of the Bible
 Who lives by the bare written word?

Jon Winsor, Age 14
 Harrison, Oxford Hills Jr. High

FANTASY'S REJECTION

Turn to face the light.
 Don't be blinded by the night.
 Reach up to the sky.
 Pluck the star that shines in your eyes.
 All it takes is courage.
 If you've got it, then hold on tight.
 Watch the moon beams become crystallized.
 Now is the perfect night.
 Fantasy is arising.
 Here is where you let go,
 Like a river let your feelings flow.
 Escape to a vast open atmosphere.
 Step up on the air, and have no fear,
 You know it's easy.
 Close your mind; external thoughts align,
 A bottle of time to hold dreams in your head.
 Now is the special time.
 It takes no thought to lose all things
 you dread.
 Fantasy is arising.
 Be all that you can be.
 See all that you can see.
 Reach goals that seemed once impossible
 to you.
 Live out your dreams; it's easy to do . . .
 In your fantasy.
 Begin . . .
 The stage stretches for miles.
 A special guest appears tonight,
 With different talents and styles,
 Foreign laughs, tears, and smiles.



A Look At Young People

Drawing by Jo Lantz, Oxford Hills

The Winners of the 2nd Annual BitterSweet Writing Contest.

From The Editor: What makes a writer? Is it something innate, or is it taught? Certainly, imagination comes naturally to children. It is probably sparked in many ways—by childhood experiences, by stories read to them, by adults explaining the sights and sounds of the world. But not all imaginative children grow up to be writers. Somewhere along the way, the more than 25 young people represented here were motivated and encouraged to write by teachers such as these who sharpened their skills of observation and transferred them to paper.

There were many entries and the decisions were not easy, because they were all good. The winners here represent an age group of basically 12-17—with the majority around 14. But the words belie the youth of their authors. Read the descriptive phrases:

"... Color as pale as goats' horns," "... a lonely white face, the mimist moves with agile grace, sad red lips . . .," "trees open their leaves like hands," "elfish dreamgold," or air "filled with breakfast scents." No schoolbook writing, here. It's an anthology you'll want to savor over a period of time.

Maine schools represented are: Casco Junior High, Gorham High School, Livermore Falls High School, Mexico High School, Oxford Hills Junior High, Rumford Junior High, and Telstar High School; plus a couple of out-of-state students with roots in Maine.

A body of work submitted by Gorham High School students was so remarkable, we are presenting them to you as a group next month; along with a piece by a Harrison college student.

She has a song in her heart
About the ugly truth in life.
It might sting and it will smart,
And it will stab at your pride like a knife.
Fantasies show some truth.

Then changes . . .
A lonely white face,
The mimist moves with agile grace.
Sad red lips,
A prop of pure reflection in the water she
sips.

Into a tutu she leaps,
Arabesque, stumbles to a heap, descends;
Then through the night she sleeps.
A fantasy disappointingly ends.

DREAMS ARE REAL TODAY

Never mind the wind, the rain,
The days that, cold and gray,
Keep you in from the fields you love
And in which you play.
There are times when it is good
To stay indoors and stare
Through windows to the world beyond,
And dream of what is there.
Dreams are most important things,
They add to what is real.
They give a texture to our thoughts
And shape to what we feel.
Tomorrow you can go again
In sunny fields to play.
But now take hold of what is near,
For dreams are real today.

*Jessica Bane, Age 13
Bethel, Telstar Middle School
Nancy Fox, English Teacher*

UNLEARNED

Astride his armored warhorse,
tempered weapons at his hips,
A knight in gleaming silver
places brass against his lips,
And from his rugged horn he sounds
a brave and gallant blast
Alerting all who chance to hear
that times of peace are past.
A man atop a tower tall
is up at early morn;
He spots the approaching soldiers then,
and he too blows his horn.
The enemy is lining up,
the battle now is near,
The rising sun reflecting bright
on every readied spear . . .
Sunset finds the battle done,
and lying in the mud,
A knight in tarnished armor,
gasping, starts to swallow blood.
His fellows come to help him up,
and find that he has died,
And there they find his trumpet,
broken, lying by his side.

*All Oxford Hills Jr. High entries are from
Carol Trebilcock, Teacher.*

The history of humankind is
one of death and war
Though many never really know
what they are fighting for.
Many bleed and many die,
but no new leaves are turned;
Somehow, after all is done,
the lessons go unlearned.
An armored warhorse mounted,
a pledge of vengeance sworn,
A boy of only sixteen years
takes up his father's horn!

*Kavi Montanaro, Grade 8
South Paris, Oxford Hills Jr. High*

LISA

Eyes in the woods,
Stars in the sky,
Questions and answers
Pass us right by.
Footsteps in the forest,
Noises in the night
Traces of shadows
Slip out of sight.
Too many answers,
Never explained,
All life goes on
Until it is drained.
Too many problems,
Never worked out,
Too many things wanted,
And gone without.
So many things,
You will soon see,
Will not go on
Eternally.
You're holding on,
Through thick and thin,
Only to find it
Starting over again.
Life is either
Happy or sad.
Hold on to everything
You've ever had.
With wounded hearts
And mixed-up minds,
Keep holding on
'Til the end of time.
Keep on fighting,
Though weak or strong,
And just remember
That life goes on.

*Buffy Marie Morrisette, 13
Harrison, Oxford Hills Jr. High*

THE MARAUDER

As have many drifters, I have had numerous adventures. But very seldom do they present themselves by the fireside in a light forest of a mundane kingdom. As I remember, alone by a dying campfire, thinking of the wide world and all the very nooks of existence, I acquired more wisdom than in all my treks combined. Including, if I may be pardoned for a slight immodesty, slaying several fearsome beasts . . . maybe even a dragon! It may seem strange, but within an ordinary star-speckled night by

an open campfire, my entire philosophy turned on a dime.

The dancing flame crackled and played inexhaustingly, showing off a coat of ardent yellow radiating onto my knees and feet as I again contemplated all the philosophy my eyes and ears had met. Again, I kicked at the remaining sticks to watch the fire flare and the sparks fly to the stars. My hand felt for the bedroll that I had managed to scrape together from shards of rags and blankets in my travels. Before I slept once again under the stars, I left to bid my lover, the moon, good night. Appropriately, they had christened it "The Traveler's Wife" in the kingdoms to the east. To get a closer view of her in her splendor, I walked the ten strides to the path. I smiled at the moon, and, as usual, the moon gave me a lovely smile back . . . but wait! Hello? What is this? A silhouette of a tall slender man up the path blocked a portion of the white beauty. I strained to see the figure while waiting patiently at the bottom of the slope. As the stranger approached, slowly blocking the iridescent moon, he spoke.

His first exclamation was cold, blue and unfeeling. "Hello," the man's voice droned as his silhouette grew closer. Then the man's voice recovered as the figure seemed to form an invisible goodwill. "Would it be inappropriate if a tired, cowardly warrior was to enjoy the fruits of another's fire?"

I replied in similar humor, "I know not. Let us find out." I chuckled slightly at myself. Ignoring this, he strained to see my campfire. Still smiling, I gestured to him to continue into my small clearing.

At the next leap of flames, I saw his face for the first time. The features strangely reminded me of those of a monkey. The eyes were as hard as hailstones, the color as pale as goats' horns. His lower face in many ways reminded me of an icicle: cold, thin, wet, and pointed. His mouth formed a thin sliver that he had fixed into a small cold smile. He wore common, ill-fitting clothing that was drenched to the bone. His smile faded as he struggled to remove his boots and, meanwhile, his face grimaced and twisted in determination. He cursed and made some remark about "The North River" and "poorly-made bridges."

I broke into a guffaw of laughter at his misfortune. As I could have predicted, he found no humor in the incident. He then stared into the dancing fire as I did. I asked several minuscule questions, hoping to strike up a conversation with the soaked stranger. The answers were often monosyllabic and told me almost nothing. Then, suddenly, on the next crackle of the fire, the light revealed a look of pure hate. I quickly looked away from the strange face. In a moment I asked with a half-phony note of friendliness, "And what might your name be?"

Again the fire crackled, lighting up his features which suddenly seemed sly, ugly, and devious. The truth of a long lost

enemy dawned on his next syllable. The reality of hate crashed down on me as a castle would on its own monarch. He stated simply, "James."

"James," my mind chanted un rhythmically on and on. What a quaint name for such a foxy, sly, conniving renegade! James—the name seemed to run through his alias personality. Polite, learned, and a gentleman; a "knight in shining armor," of sorts . . . And, but of course! An accomplished swordsman. One might even call him feminine in manner. But, alas, no!

"James." A dull thud of a name for an evil barbarian. Any observation would prove him to be bloodthirsty, foul and barbaric, utterly ruthless. A blood-red mind wielding a gorey blood-red sword. He is a rider in dark attire, hat tipped down to eye-level. Cape, a black river, trails behind a black clothed figure. A trail of blood reeks in his path, diving, swooping. His sword comes to life, accumulating more shards of flesh and blood in its trajectory.

Then there is James, a hurt man with a scarred heart. Mercy must find its place in your heart for ignorance is his enemy—ignorance of love, ignorance of understanding. *You must forgive.*

I wrung my hands in expression of the remains of the hatred for the man. I asked no more questions. I glared at the man who was responsible for so much death and dying, yet could still be cold enough to find my campsite and my campfire! At last the conflict between two thoughts ended, and I sighed. Killer or no killer, he still needed a warm place to sleep. I tossed him two wool blankets, leaving me with but a jumble of rags from thin woven cloth. He accepted it thankfully as well as eagerly and rolled over to a tree next to the fire and nodded off to sleep. He snored, he dreamed, he breathed, just as any man would. Even a killer is human. I looked at the moon through the trees and blew her a kiss. Trying to get the best of the rags, I curled up close to the fire. Slowly, I slipped past consciousness. The morning dawned and he had gone.

He had been forgiven.

*Jon Winsor, Age 14
Harrison, Oxford Hills Jr. High*

UNTITLED POEMS

We are not rich though we are wealthy
Wealthy with something that need not
be bought
need not be begged for
nor need to be stolen
it should be given away love.

Silent voices reach my ears
as I walk through the halls.
I see unfamiliar faces on unfamiliar people.
I am changing this school to

suit myself,
to suit my old school.
Silent voices tell me everything
will be all right.

A mirror broke on the day of my wedding,
The priest was late
the cake was dropped
the flowers wilted
the champagne spilled
the hotel was full
A mirror broke on the day of my divorce.

*Wendy Huard, Age 16
Mexico High School
JoAnne Kerr, Teacher*

FOR RONNY

When the city is quiet
and the smell of rain is near
I Pretend I'm a barbarian
and go down to the pier.
I grab a stick and heft it high
as if it were a blade.
Then I snatch a piece of coal
for this will be my jade.
I go into the alleys
and climb a lofty peak.
No one ever guesses
it's a wizard that I seek.
A newspaper, a treasure map,
a piece of string, a bow;
It seems despite the city heat
that there's a chance of snow.
I built a castle out of junk
no wizard's curse could sear,
The day I was a barbarian
and the smell of rain was near.

BOY FALLS FROM PANE

When darkness falls and silence rains,
I crawl up to my window pane,
and dream the dreams of power and fame
as slowly I fall fast asleep.
I dream of what it was to die,
to lay in battle afraid to cry
as thunder fills the earth and sky . . .
I dream another dream.
The grass was soft and so were you,
your painted eyes the brightest hue,
when we were young and love was too . . .
I dream another dream.
The monsters stood so brave and tall,
I fear I cannot win them all,
I run and suddenly I fall . . .
and I do not wake or dream.
The papers read *Boy Falls From Pane*;
my blood was washed clear by the rain.
Alive in death to dream of pain . . .
and now at last I sleep.

*Michael Mitchell, Age 16
Livermore Falls High School
Maureen Marchetti, Teacher*

THE RIDER

Awakened from my nightmare, I lie uncomfortably between the icy sheets thinking about my recent chimera. How real it had seemed! I could actually feel the enraged wind whipping ferociously at my long hair, the tiny pebbles lashing savagely at my face, even after it was raw and bleeding. Shadows flashed by. Dark images passed overhead. The only light was the moon—the full moon. I could hear the hoofs of the black steed on which I was riding, pounding on the solid ground. The unbroken rhythm thumped on and on, until the repetitious sound in my ears grew so intense that it was as if it had total control over my mind. Everything I did corresponded with the monotonous beating of the hoofs. I awoke.

I walk over to the illuminated window and look out at the moon, the full moon, the same moon! It's the same moon that lit my dismal nightmare. I'll never forget that moon, so mysterious, so terrifying. That moon held the secret of my midnight ride. Only he observed that night of terror.

As I walk down the stairs and onto the open porch, I can't help but recall the unvaried pulsing of the horse's hoofs. I can't get that horrible throbbing out of my head. Louder and louder it gets as it echoes on in my mind. But now, another sound—this time it's not my imagination. Far away the sound of hideous laughter comes from the dark woodland at the end of the short footpath.

I start walking toward the foreboding forest. As I pass through the shadowy trees, the sound grows louder. When I reach the point where the laughter seems to be the strongest, I find myself in a small clearing surrounded by ominous, skeleton-like trees. Suddenly, the hysterical laughter ceases. A wave of fear comes over me. Panic-stricken, I look for a way out of the ambush. I know what will come next. It's inevitable: the sound of pounding hoofs.

Closer and closer the sound comes. The horse nears. Now I can see him clearly—a black steed, the one in my dream.

He's a wild horse with only one master, one commander . . . himself. Thundering down the path into the clearing, he rears, whinnies; then stands, pawing at the damp ground. Suddenly, I feel the presence of another being. I turn. A tall figure, loosely wrapped in draping burial shrouds strides slowly toward me. His fire-red, animal-like eyes sever through the thickening mist. Backing away, I stumble on a fallen branch. He quickly approaches. Now towering above me, he commands: "STAND!" I obey. For a long while we stand, my eyes fixed on his, unable to look away.

"MOUNT!" he commands again, awakening me from my trance. I turn to look at the stallion, who is still pawing at the earth.

"Sir?" I whisper.

"Do you DARE question ME?" he bel-
lows, with a touch of awe in his bottomless
voice. I mount. The horse rears, ready to
pull out at any moment. I look for a way
out—is it my imagination? No, it is reality.
The surrounding trees are no longer trees,
but gallows silhouetted by the gray mist.
Rigid corpses are suspended from them,
pirouetting in the midnight air. There is no
way out.

Kate Sykes, Age 13
Harrison, Oxford Hills Jr. High

HORRORS

I think that I shall never go
To a good old-fashioned horror show.
I'd throw my popcorn in the air,
And then I'd dive beneath my chair.
Bloody stabbings would give me a fright
With chilling screams throughout the night.
And so I think I'll never go
To a good old-fashioned horror show.

SWIFTLY

I pedal swiftly,
Swifter than a winged gazelle.
I will follow your advice.
Never turning to look back
I will take every crack in
The sidewalk with renewed
Lust for excitement.
I will certainly not
Go slow.

Anne Marie Gerdes, Age 12
North Platte, Nebraska
McDonald School, Linda Gaip, Teacher

THE FORSAKEN

This is the house where I live: This is
where my mother bakes hard
crusted bread
and is slowly fading away with age
This is where my father plows the
unyielding fields
and his back is bent with labor
And do you see my mother sobbing
she tries so hard but the work grows
like a merciless weed
And do you hear my father groaning in
pain
he works more like a horse than a man
And do you feel the agony of having so
little after working so hard
And nobody cares whether or not
you're honest:
They only know you're poor.

Tracey Wade, Age 15
Livermore Falls High School
Ruth Shacter, Teacher

SUMMER

Summer is sunshine,
Bright, beautiful, and warm light
Shining brightly. Now.

Samantha McAllister, 14
South Paris, Oxford Hills Jr. High

A GENTLE FLUTTER

A gentle flutter
A slight stirring of a branch
A breeze whispers spring.
All which is good
Returned after winter
Re-awakening.

Silence of the spring
Flows down the river slowly
And into my heart.

The flutter of wings
Stirring in all the newness
Forever comforts.

The smell of good earth
Mingles with spring flower scents,
Wakes up dormant minds.

Gone is the winter
That sets chills in the pure air.
Peace for me is spring.

Karen Clifford, Age 13
Norway, Oxford Hills Jr. High

QUESTIONS FOR THE WISE

Can you hear the birds chirping?
I can.

I've been there,
Sitting on a tree limb,
Preparing a nest for the young.
Can you hear the snow melting?
I can.

I've been there,
Trickling haphazardly off a snowbank,
Then dancing lightly down a tiny stream.
Can you hear the forest rustling?
I can.

I've been there,
Gracefully loping
Across tender, green grass.
Can you hear all this is new growing?
I can.

For I am Spring
Waiting to introduce you
To these wonders.

Anita Kimball, Grade 8
Waterford, Oxford Hills Jr. High

LEARN TO DISTINGUISH

When cleaning rooms
What mothers find
May seem to be junk,
Yet everything has its place.

I say,
"Learn to distinguish."
When cleaning yards,

My bike's apart,
My father says,
"Throw this junk away."
"I may need it,"

I say,
Learn to
Distinguish
between
JUNK
AND
PLAY

Jeff Burnham, Age 13
Norway, Oxford Hills Jr. High

Page 16...

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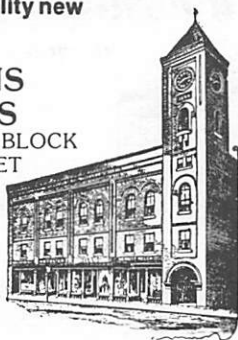
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... Page 14 Young People's Writing

UNTITLED

Newborn plants extend friendship to the new season, sprouting up through the dead leaves of last fall.

Trees open their leaves like hands, bending over the river like arches at the opera house, under which the song of rebirth and love is ringing.

I look down into the reflective river where I see a parallel universe just as beautiful and alive as mine.

Walking along riverside on a path, I realize what I am experiencing—Beauty the mind couldn't comprehend without the gift of eyes...

Down in the cave lies the bear, who has spent the whole winter there. Awakened by a blinding light, he knows it's the end of his long night. Crawling out of his bedroom, he greets the day,

with the sun shining down in a golden ray, and through the dead leaves of last fall, new flowers come up at Nature's call.

Adam Montanaro, Age 12
South Paris, Oxford Hills Jr. High

THE TREE

It feels so good, just to stretch and feel the delicious warmth coming from the bright sun.

To feel the gentle rain, slowly drinking it up.

Soon, because of it all, I will blossom with the beautiful flowers all over me, and then will come the delicious, red, ripe apples.

My leaves will shade you in the summer, and I will be here, for you to climb and swing on.

Enjoy yourself, for someday I will die, and you won't be able to climb on me, or lie in the cool shade of my leaves by my roots.

Melanie Tyner, Age 14
West Paris, Oxford Hills Jr. High

PASSTIME

The sign of running trout really makes my heart beat. I can smell trout fifty yards away, and when I do, those trout better watch out—because I'll grab my flypole and my best fly and catch and catch until I get sick of it.

Then I will sit down and clean all my good-sized fish. When I finish that, I will start a fire and cook them in a beer-and-bread-crumbs mix until they're golden brown. And then I will sit back in the fresh air.

Brian Robinson
Oxford Hills Jr. High

THE SEA SHORE

Imagine the dusky stillness of early morning. It is cool and the damp sand slightly numbs my toes as I walk slowly towards the ocean. I peek over my shoulder after every small step; the deserted beach feels like a haunted cemetery. The chilly breeze causes palm trees to sway, producing eery shadows across a sugary carpet. Wanting to run as I have never run before, but choosing not to, I listen to the intensity of the pounding water. As I draw closer, the more I listen. I see gray surf spray a salty mist into the black sky ceiling.

A glow appears while I squint out into the darkness. The gloominess begins to be replaced by glitter as the winds softly blow beauty through the air. Yellow rays of sun add brightness and warmth to the cream-colored sand. As if to climb into a dream, I feel the radiant heart of light pounding on my skin.

Icy, lifeless water takes on a fresh coolness. Along the calm shore are huge chipped shells which sparkle in the sun. A white mist hovers over the water, capturing the reflections of color from the light beams. Above the light blue water, the glowing ball of fire slowly climbs a ladder of soft white clouds.

The seagulls are gliding through salty skies, the air is filled with breakfast scents, the beach is speckled with morning joggers, and I turn back to bed. The sun has risen.

Barbara Martineau, Age 17
Mexico High School
Mrs. Sally Jones, English Teacher

THE LAND OF LIVING GOLD

Autumn, with all its elements harmonizing towards a wonderful climax, can be awe-inspiring and humbling to any who pause to appreciate its splendor. The subtle shadings of ashen gray on forest paths, as dead leaves lie, their beauties robbed from them in the very hour of their glory, serve to remind us, and make us appreciate the more those awesome feelings of sorrow and gloom about death.

Miniscule shoots of kelly green, rooted firmly in the bases of shallow soil at the edges of monarch trees give us a faint glimmer of hope; accompanied though it is by the loneliness heard in sad, murmuring sighs of crispened leaves on the dusty barren ground and in the skeletal remains of shrubs. A sudden chill passes across the earth as a gray shadow crosses the sun. Then a slight breath of wind stirs up the trees as you come to the narrow embankment and peer, anxiously, wondering, at the beauty set before you. The sun blazes forth, shooting tendrils of gold across the sky as rising hills explode in waves of crimson, gold, and scarlet, mirrored in the majestic turquoise of an isolated lake. The scent of crushed leaves speaks of exotic, fragrant spices. But with the glory comes sorrow, an ache in the heart. For autumn

Page 19...

Charlene Barton is an extraordinary teacher. She teaches art at Sacopee Valley Jr./Sr. High School in Cornish. It's an interesting school—rather a friendly institution in a nice modern building where the old-fashioned support system starts with the principal, Dewaine Craig. On a usual basis, Barton, who has written a creative book as an aid to other teachers, does a lot of art with the students. So when she came up with the idea of having a visiting artist at the school, people were enthusiastic.

She presented an excellent proposal to the Maine State Commission on the Arts and Humanities and was rewarded with the funding to pay Castine sculptor Clark Fitz-Gerald to come to Cornish and work with her students as a part of the state Artists-in-Residence program.

The idea was to design a piece of sculpture which would enhance the front lawn of Sacopee Valley (an acronym which stands for the Saco and Ossipee rivers). But it was more than that, as Charlene explains:

"The purpose was to explore the idea of sculpture; the symbolism of what Clark does; the process."

To do that, Clark Fitz-Gerald made several trips. At first he encouraged the students to talk about their ideas of the school. He expected them to offer the hawk, their school mascot, but they didn't. Instead, several essential concepts presented themselves: a sprouted bean, converging rivers, and—the one they finally chose—a square peg in a round hole.

The sculptor says, "You can't make the decisions for the students yourself; as teacher you are only the facilitator to their exploration of literal ideas."

In those classroom meetings, they explored the message of sculpture: what degree of simplicity, what height, colors, symbolism, how the shadows should fall, thoughts of texture and surface.

On one trip he brought various small models and they chose the one they wanted. He went back to his Castine studio to cut and weld and build the "Square Peg In A Round Hole" piece which was placed on the front lawn of the school and dedicated this past spring.

Both Charlene Barton and Clark



Charlene Barton



Students discussed the sculpture

Fitz-Gerald feel that communication is vital to teaching. "We need to offer them inspiring and reassuring words," says the sculptor, "to bring the piece down to their level so they won't be afraid to speak their minds. I was sincere about wanting their ideas."

Barton's art room was already a place where the students felt comfortable as individuals, felt their creative input would be valuable.

A mid-westerner by birth, Fitz-Gerald received his art training in Philadelphia and has "felt at home" in Maine since he moved his family here 25 years ago. Once he taught sculpture—at Andover, Beloit College, Wisconsin, and Washington University. But there came a time, as there does for many artists, when he felt he had to give up teaching full time "to be a sculptor." While he has never given up his gregarious nature enough to completely stop teaching and talking about art, he has been a full-time sculptor long enough to have large commissioned work at many places, such as Columbia University, the St. Louis Art Museum, the University of Maine, and the cities of Portland and Bangor.

His foray into the high school world at Sacopee Valley was not a "for-profit" venture. It was, however, a commitment to his belief that schools need to channel the individual creative instincts of students, that they cannot be run strictly "by the bus schedule."

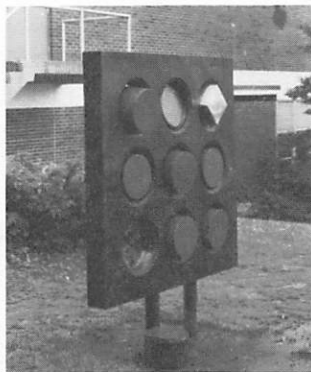
"The Square Peg In A Round Hole," collaboration between an art teacher, her students, and a sculptor, is a fitting memorial to that kind of education.

N.M.



Clark Fitz-Gerald

Sculpture At Sacopee Valley



"The Square Peg In A Round Hole"

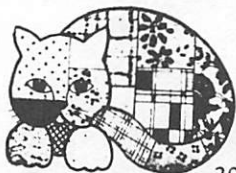
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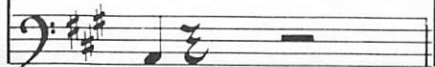
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... Page 16 Young People's Writing

is the elfish dreamgold that will soon dim to winter's chill, hiding its beauty for the coming year.

Brian Rust, Age 12
North Waterford, Oxford Hills Jr. High

THE STREAM

There is a stream that flows down the mountain. The stream is hidden to hikers passing by on the old logging road. If you only stop and explore the pines and birches, the beauty of the stream will be found below, at the bottom of a hill in a valley. To reach the stream, you must climb over rotten tree trunks, and step cautiously through spiny, prickly blackberry bushes—but the scrumptious berries make it worthwhile. Then you must tiptoe on small sharp twigs which protrude from the ground to stab your bare feet. Only when you reach the bottom of the hill can the stream be seen. One side has tall, sturdy old birches, beeches, pines and oaks scattered proudly in its carpet of pine needles.

Sunlight peeks through the shady trees and scatters its light on the waters. Occasionally, a birch leaf is blown into the bubbly waters to float upon happy, gurgling waves. Ferns have grown on the shore and covered the edges of the stream. Thick moss covers each rock. Green slime hangs on every stick caught up in a pile of sticks. The cool, clear waters twist around every turn and over each rock and branch on their way to the river.

In the hot summer months, woodland animals come to the banks of the water to quench their thirst.

The happy little stream with its cool waters would inspire any hiker who watches the picturesque scene of the stream with its rich green surroundings.

Then it turns a corner to a town. Dirty pollutants litter the water. The sparkle of the clean water is destroyed under broken glass and Twinkie wrappers. Hersey bar wrappers take the place of the leaves and float on dirty waters.

The stream travels along, growing dirtier and dirtier, getting bogged down with litter. In time, the water reaches the end where it flows into the river and becomes part of it.

Joyce Parent, Age 14
Hanover, Rumford Jr. High
Carol Nielsen, Teacher

A TALL SHIP

A tall ship
rolling up to crash down upon
the next great swell
To a deserted island in the
tropical seas.

Wind in my hair
billowing in the breeze
streaming back from my face
wet from the spray

The sun creating a thousand
diamonds upon the air.

Lifting, carrying me
upon her decks,
gentling me,
Floating, I turn to an island
far from the long, low horizon

as if
this island were
God's own
for me . . .
In solitude I discover
Who I am,
I am in peace
never again to know the
frustrations of
Civilization.

In the sun
Riding the dolphins
through the green waters—
For the waters are my
jewel chests—
filled with countless gems
more than all the wealth
of the world.

The diamonds are the gift of
God to the ocean—
and at night the waters glow,
creating shimmering fountains
more spectacular and dazzling
than
all mankind's puny attempts of
grace and beauty.
Oh, the glory of it all.
The glory.

Kelly Quinn, Age 18
Gorham High School
Jean Davis, Teacher

THE HOUSE

This is the house where I live.
This is where I used to sit on my Dad's lap
and giggle as he told me a funny story;
This is where I used to watch and listen
as he sang his songs and played the guitar
he loved so much;

This is where I fought with him when I felt
I was right
and laughed when I discovered I was
always wrong;

This is where I smiled and pretended
nothing was wrong
when I knew that wasn't true;

And this is where I cried when they told me
he was gone.
But that was then.

This is the house where I live.
This is where the radio plays all day
to cover the empty quiet;

This is where I lie awake
listening for the voice and footsteps
that will never come again;

And this is where a dusty guitar sits
in a dark closet,
lonely . . . silent.

This is now.

Nancy Bonnevie, Age 15
Livermore Falls High School
Ruth Shacter, Teacher

AN ISLAND

An island is a special kind of place. A feeling of peace, tranquility and calm relax thoughts and mind as a person travels along sandy paths leading 'round and 'round. This peace cannot be matched by any other thing in this vast world.

There is but one way to get off an island. Depending on the weather, you could be stranded, lost, alone.

As the wind, its frenzied lashing increasing in tempo, rips the trees from their tranquil mounds of earth; a wild, free sense of independence overcomes one, sending a shiver of excitement up and down. Running now, with the wind fighting every move that is made, one feels complete detachment from the world. Ties and links with all society are severed. It's just you—wild, free, and independent.

When at last all is calm, and the wild escapades are over, the peaceful feeling comes back, and all problems are erased from your soul for an indefinite period of time.

Suzanne Burnham, Age 14
Naples, Casco Jr. High
Jean Pottle, Teacher

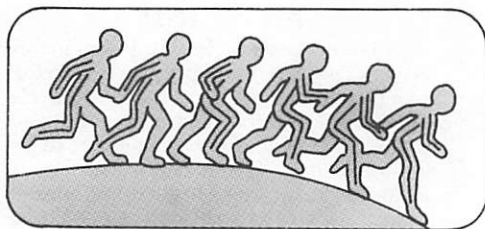
REFLECTIONS ON MIRRORS

Look . . .
In the
Mirror . . .
(boyohboy do i look weird)
POSING . . .
(i'd look better in makeup)
Laughing with a friend
"And mirrors bring reflection to the world!"
(maybe it's true that)
"Reflection is the mother of invention"
(but I doubt it)
"Hey, maybe you should clean it . . ."
(what??)
"It's getting pretty dirty."
(oh maybe i should)

FUN
Splashing water on it
And looking at silly reflections
Curved and fuzzy
(hey why do i look like that)
"There . . ."
(it looks worse than before)
"It looks better now."
Proceeding
To wash the rest of
The bathroom fixtures
With some Soft Scrub
We found
Under the sink.
(boyohboy will mom be mad)
"Looking good!"
Calls my mother,
Looking in.
(well, maybe not)

Julie Cohen, Age 12
Rumford Junior High
Carol Nielsen, Teacher

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Medicine For The Hills

by

Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

HEADACHE PART III

In this third in a series of articles on headaches we shall discuss various types of headache not already covered in the July and August issues of **BitterSweet**.

Tension headache produces a steady, non-throbbing ache, usually in the temples or the back of the head, occasionally in the front of the head. Patients describe a tightness or band around the head and pressure rather than throbbing or pulsation. With this type of headache the muscles of the scalp are tender and may be exquisitely sensitive to minor painful stimuli. These are the most common types of headache and may be brief, or prolonged and troublesome. Massage, manual stretching of the muscles affected, heat, warm baths or showers, and tincture of time usually help. Mild pain relievers will also afford relief.

Hangover headache is well-known and easily diagnosed. It usually occurs together with mild stomach ache and nausea, mild incoordination, and perhaps a fine tremor of the hands. The headache is caused by alcohol withdrawal together with dehydration produced by a metabolic effect of the alcohol. (One urinates more fluid than one takes in during the drinking spree.) Also, the toxic effect of some compounds found in different types of alcoholic drinks produce headache as well. This explains differing types of headache and differing propensities for headache, depending upon the type of alcoholic substance used.

The Chinese restaurant syndrome occurs after eating large amounts of monosodium glutamate, a flavor enhancer and food preservative found in large amounts in soy sauce (and hence most often experienced in Chinese restaurants). The headache associated with this syndrome is usually mild and consists of a tightness at the temples and about the forehead. Not everyone eating Oriental food experiences this type of reaction to monosodium glutamate; about fifteen percent

of diners will experience these symptoms to some degree.

Sinus headaches are usually diagnosed and always occur together with acute sinusitis. A typical sinus headache usually occurs in the morning or early afternoon and is usually experienced in the forehead (with involvement of the frontal sinuses) or in the cheekbones (due to infection in the maxillary sinuses). The pain is dull and aching and not throbbing or pulsatile. The pain is made worse by changes in head position. A gentle tapping over the sinuses involved will elicit tenderness. Decongestants and pain relievers treat sinus headaches unless specific infection has occurred, in which case the afflicted person will experience an increase in sinus discharge and an increase in pain.

Dental pain can be tough to diagnose. The pain is often referred elsewhere on the head much the same as heart pain can be felt in the arm or jaw. Unless one has localized toothache, it is best to assume pain in the jaw or in the teeth is derived from a process other than dental infection. For example, in addition to the jaw and tooth pain associated with coronary insufficiency (heart pain), severe lightning-like pain in one side of the jaw or face may occur with *tic dolo-reux* or trigeminal neuralgia. The pain of trigeminal neuralgia is usually quite severe and can be disabling. It is due to disease of the fifth cranial nerve and not from dental disease per se.

Refractive errors (for example, astigmatism and far-sightedness) cause headache. Other symptoms, such as aching in the eyes, a sandy feeling in the eyes, and congestion of the conjunctivae may occur. The headache is usually mild. Glaucoma pain is usually first experienced in the eyeball and then proceeds along the rim of the skull around the eyeball. If not treated promptly, pain from glaucoma rapidly becomes disabling.

Headache is extremely common and

is problematic for the physician as well as for the patient. Expensive and technical laboratory tests are available for the evaluation of disorders of the head and structures of the brain but must not be employed in every case. Nevertheless, in rare instances a lumbar puncture (spinal tap) or CAT scan may save a life. A few rules will help to decide which headaches should be more thoroughly investigated.

Patients with chronic classic or common migraine (see July **Bitter-Sweet**), patients who have chronic tension headache, do not obviously need extensive laboratory testing, especially when the migraine headache is long-standing and always affects the same side of the head. Other lesions of the brain, such as brain tumor, are exceedingly rare in this instance.

Headaches of recent origin and headaches which are becoming progressively more severe should be evaluated by special CAT scanning. This is especially true of headaches which occur in one consistent spot on the skull or which begin after the age of thirty.

The EEG, or brainwave testing, should not be used to evaluate headache. Conventional x-rays of the skull are best reserved for evaluating headache following head trauma.

Spinal tap should be done on a patient with a sudden headache accompanied by fever (meningitis), or should be performed on the patient who has a sudden, explosive, severe headache (subarachnoid hemorrhage).

From this review of headache, it should be apparent that the most useful diagnostic tool the physician has to evaluate headache is a good history obtained from the patient. Therefore it behooves the patient to describe as accurately as possible the nature of the pain experienced. Modern laboratory testing has not provided us with a crystal ball. A complete history and physical examination still supersedes any laboratory testing yet devised.

Dr. Lacombe, who is in private practice in Norway, has written a health education column on many varied topics in this magazine for many years.

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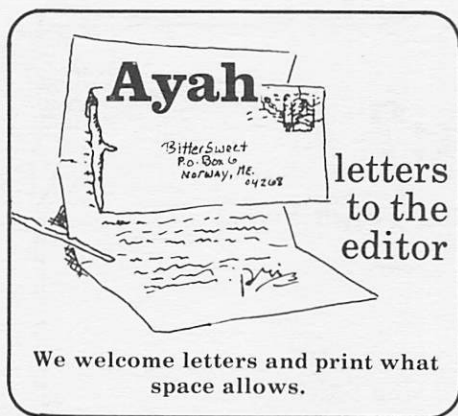
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(Free audio editions for the sight-impaired are available from VOICES, Inc., P.O. Box 603, Bethel, ME 04217.)



THE AUTHOR SPEAKS BACK

My story "Clothespins" (*March, 1982*) was born of observation and inspiration and I am sorry it was offensive to a reader, who commented on its "language" in a letter in the June issue.

I do hope . . . others do not confuse the WRITER with the WRITTEN . . . I do not use the language that the character in the story uses. But if I am to write at all, it must be with truth and validity. If living, breathing characters are inside my head begging to be put down on paper, they must be put down as they are: I must show how they move and act and why they do the things they do, and they must not be made to "sound" as someone else would have them sound, but as their fears and agonies and sorrows—or joys—make them sound. They must speak spontaneously, one to another, as if no one were there to hear (or judge) what they were saying . . .

"Clothespins" was about the territorial imperative, and much more. The man who used the language which Mr. Colby found

offensive was a man who had come to Maine with a dream, and realized, too late, that he had built himself a cage and locked himself in. He could see no way out and his terrible outburst was that of a trapped and terrified animal. Cutting down the trees would, he knew, be only a temporary reprieve—but the reprieve was essential if he was to hang on to his sanity.

I read once that out of 40,000 who come to Maine, 30,000 leave—they find that, with all their good will, good intentions, and hard work, they cannot "make it." The characters in "Clothespins" were symbolic of real people; composites. Perhaps they offended; but I hope they were believable. (They certainly were to me.)

I do wonder if anyone ever took offense at all the murders committed in Agatha Christie's detective stories? Now, there was a sweet little old lady—but as far as I know she never killed anybody. And she sure got rich writing.

Pat White Gorrie
Otisfield

ONCE A MAINER . . .

I certainly enjoyed "Maine-ly English" by Ray Cotton. I suppose we Mainers do pronounce our words differently, but how familiar and how much I enjoyed hearing or reading all the words Mr. Cotton wrote.

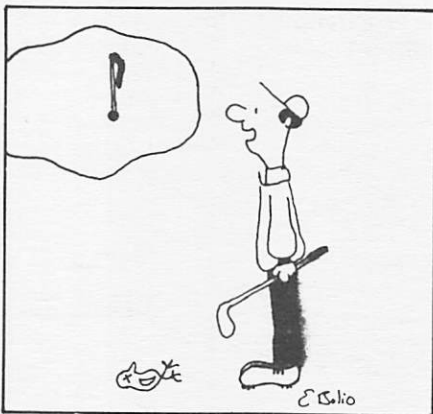
I am and always will be a Mainer. Even if I do live near the coast, there is no place like Waterford, Maine . . . Ayah, I love Bittersweet also.

Julia Howe Cobb
Kittery

On a recent visit to my hometown of Rumford, I was introduced to your wonderful little magazine called Bittersweet. . . Your magazine is exactly what I've been hoping to find all these long years that I have been away from Maine's lovely hills and lakes!

Lucille Gaudet
Middletown, Rhode Island

Drawing by Eric Bolio, Age 12
Bryant Pond



"Hey I just hit a birdie"

I've been leaving my back copies of Bittersweet lying around the lodge where I am spending the summer in the mountains, and it would tickle you to see the guests pick one up, look it over, and then settle down to finding out what it's all about.

I love it! Please don't let my subscription expire!

E. Nickerson
Bethel

You Don't Say PRETTY POLLY

Members of our family know that parrots can talk; they know *what* to say and *when* to say it.

Our Polly said "good morning" when her cage was uncovered in the morning and "good night" when she was covered for the night. She always said "hello" when the telephone receiver was removed and the callers never doubted that they had the party they'd dialed.

No one could snatch a doughnut without Polly saying, "is it good?"—even though she was out of sight of the doughnut jar. She knew when we had peas for dinner and asked for some with the same request: "Is it good?" When served, she held the spoon and ate from it.

She asked for a bath about once a week, saying, "Polly wants a bath" until she got a tub of water. Then she would splash away, saying, "Polly needs a bath" and laughing all the while.

She often called several of us by name: "Harry," "Lloyd," "Ella," "Cora," and, of course, always referred to herself as "Pretty Polly" in a deep voice, with her head tilted in a very vain way.

When we were leaving the house, Polly always said "good-bye" with diction as plain as a person's. When she was on the front porch, many a head turned to see who was saying, "hello."

She could sing, "glory, glory hallelujah"—just that one phrase—almost as well as Kate Smith.

Polly knew my sister Charlotte was afraid of her. One day when Polly was on the loose, Charlotte unknowingly entered the room. Polly squat down, spread her wings, said "Aha!" made one sweep past Charlotte, and flew back to her perch. Very funny—but not to Charlotte!

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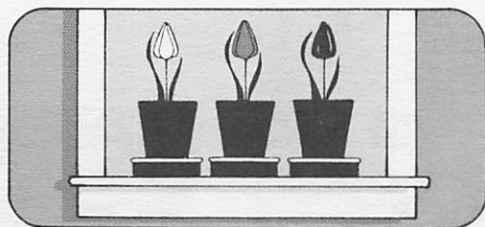
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Gardening Tips by
Margaret Harriman

SEPTEMBER

Oh, sweet September! Fresh apple cider, bright yellow school buses, the pungent aroma of spicy pickles emanating from an open window, golden globes of pumpkin, ruby-red apples and cranberries. I love the shades and smells of autumn.

September is not all joy, however. Much remains to be done. While rest is the key word for your gardens, more work is in store for the gardener. Mulch with a warm blanket of leaves or pine needles mixed with well decomposed manure to make your perennial garden plants' long winter sleep a beneficial one.

This is peony-planting month. Transplant your crowded beds, setting the roots so that 3-4 inches of soil will cover the crown. If planted too deep, blooming will be affected. Mulch the first winter. Do not let peony roots come in contact with fertilizer, either chemical or manure. If your soil is poor, mix fertilizer in your new location several weeks before planting.

Look for early frosts in the lowlands and be prepared to cover tender annuals, both in the flower and vegetable gardens. Any kind of old blanket or cloth works well, keeping them going and growing for several weeks longer.

Move most any perennials this month—the earlier the better, giving the root system a good chance to get established in the new soil. If you get to them late, mulch well. Sow grass seed this month; also plant or transplant trees and shrubs. Now is also the time for buying bulbs for spring bloom and to move or separate daffodils. Fertilize trees and shrubs for extra strength and new growth come Spring.

Preserving Leaves

Watch for early leaves turning their glorious autumn colors. To preserve them, cut a few, crush and pound the stem ends up to about 2 inches, so that bark and fiber are crushed. Place in a solution of 1 part glycerine, 2 parts

water. Leave in the solution until little beads of moisture form on the tips of the leaves—a week or so. You can also immediately immerse the leaves and branches in a horizontal position, laying them in and fully covered by solution; this takes a shorter time but uses a lot more of the solution. Glycerine solution may be used over and over again. Store in a tightly-covered jar.

With baskets overflowing for canning, freezing, and jelly making, we forget the hours of hoeing and weeding in our gratefulness for a bountiful harvest.

Jelly

Elderberries and wild grapes make a tasty variety of jelly for the long winter mornings. Or, for a fantastic treat, try these recipes for Mock Raspberry Jelly, shared with me by a lovely lady named Violet. *4 cups of ground green tomatoes, 3 cups sugar, 2 3-oz. packages raspberry jello.* Boil 20 minutes, stirring constantly. Pour into clean jars and seal with wax. The second recipe uses ripe tomatoes and is almost as simple. *4 cups red tomatoes, peeled and chopped, cooked for 15 minutes. Add 3-1/2 cups sugar, 1 6-oz. package raspberry jello and 1 Tbsp. blackberry jello.* Boil for 10 minutes and pour into clean jars, adjust lids, process in boiling water bath for 10 minutes.

Dry flowers to look for are: Pearly everlasting, goldenrod, yarrow, Curly dock, dusty miller, bittersweet, cotton grass, pepper grass, giant reed and other grasses, seed pods of sensitive fern and Virgin's bower (old man's beard). Hang all upside down in a dry, airy, low-light place to dry.

Lastly, take time to enjoy the Peace and Tranquility of an autumn afternoon stroll through our beautiful Maine countryside.

Mrs. Harriman lives in Limerick, where she and her husband Peter have raised eleven children.



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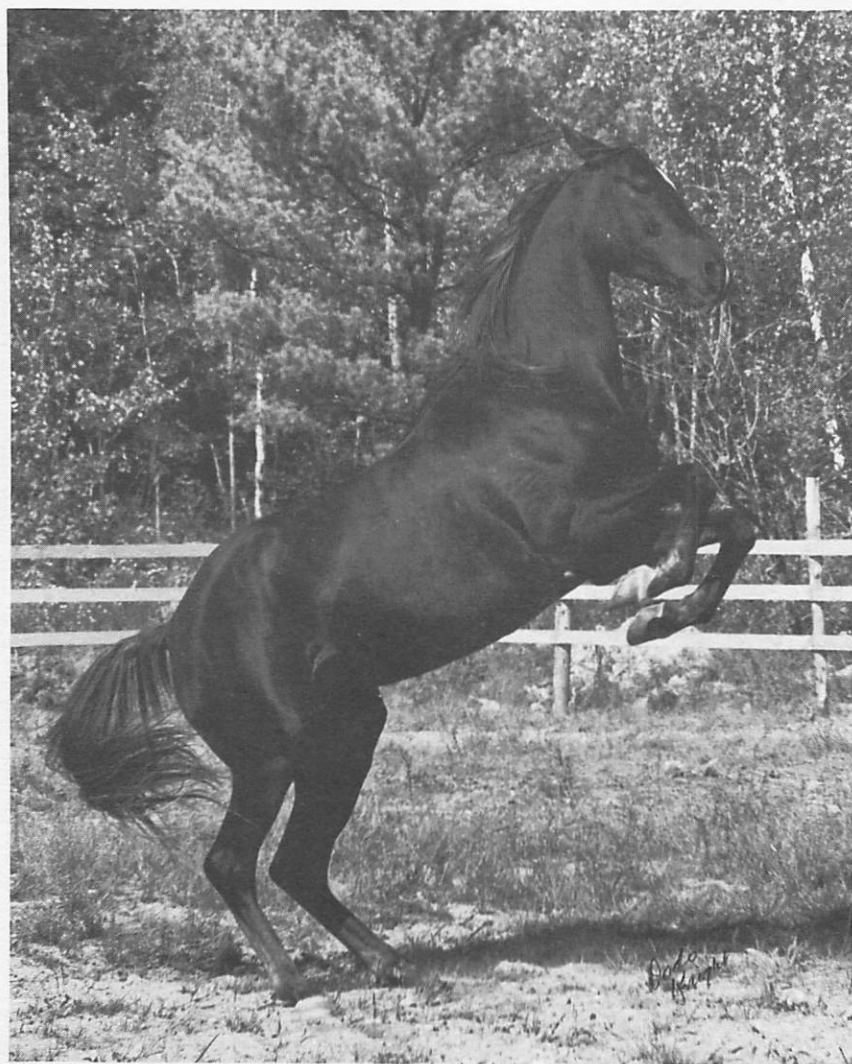
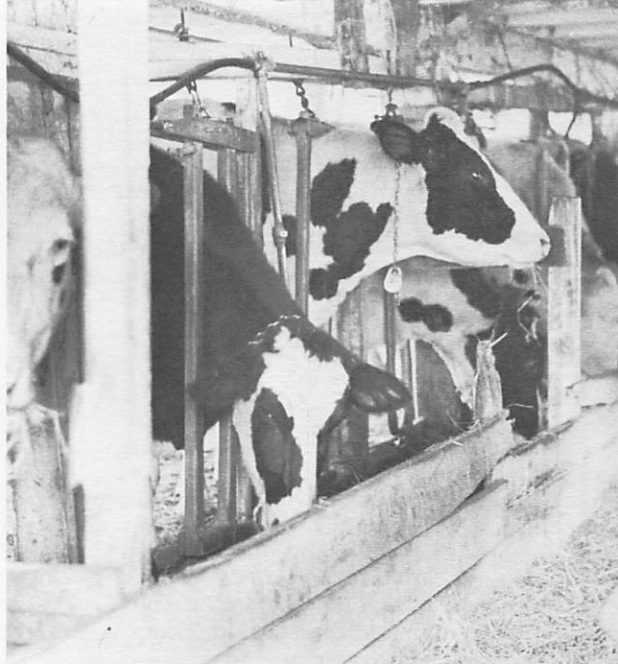
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*At right, cows in
stanchions in a
West Paris barn;
Right center, a
caged gander eyes
his surroundings
with disdain;
Below, Ms. Knight,
who specializes
in horse photo-
graphy, has
captured "The
Dancing Arabian"
on film.*

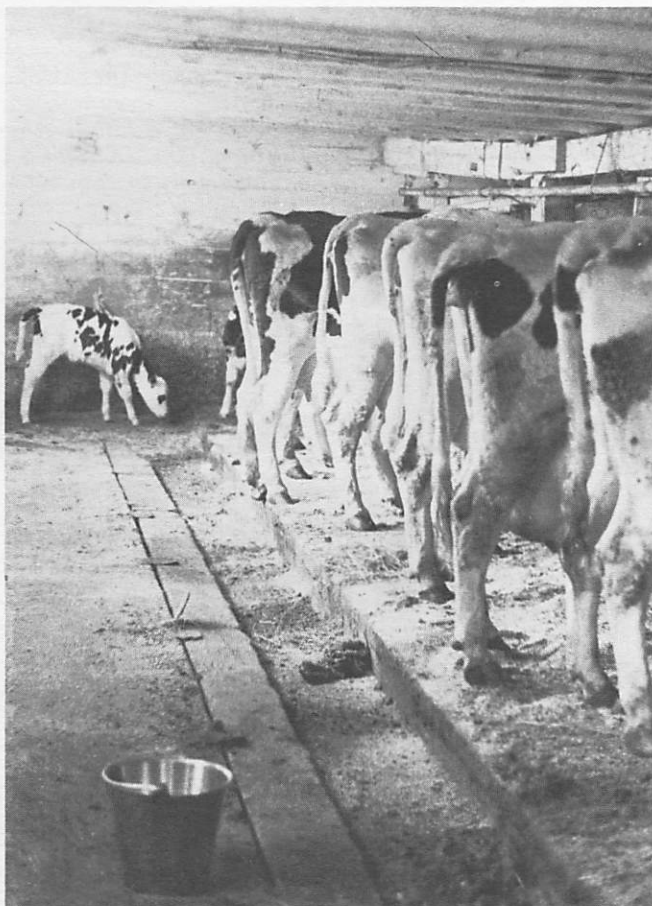


*Above, sheep on a South Paris farm—
left sporting curled horns and a broad
right, a calf not long after birth joins t
the barn; Below right, two large steers
camera in different ways—one poses
would rather scratch his c*

Life On...

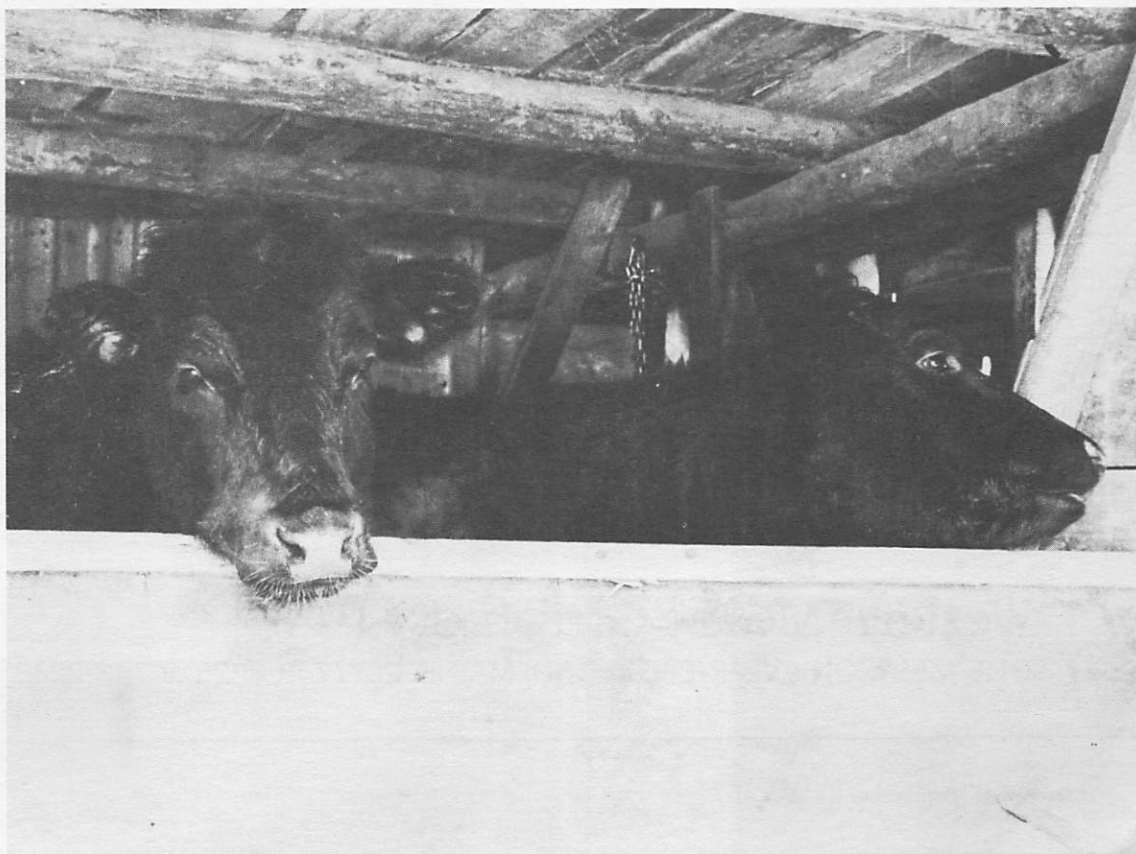


ram on the
face; Above,
other cows in
spond to the
at the other
!



A FARM DOWN EAST

Photos by
Dodo Knight





Left, two wriggling, hungry piglets and their mother, discovered one morning by the farmer; Below, the calf of a Lovell family, found sick and off its feed. When it's necessary to warm an animal fast—it doesn't matter if it's a cow or a kitten—there's nothing like the woodstove in the living room. (Dodo Knight is a Lovell photographer who has devoted her art largely to animals.)



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Cooking with Honey

by Honey Millet

PROTEIN COMPLEMENTARITY

We all need protein—it helps our bodies build, repair, maintain. Protein is comprised of amino acids. Since our bodies cannot manufacture all the amino acids we need, we must take them in through the food we eat.

In addition, experts agree, in order for the body to efficiently use protein, all the amino acids must be present daily, all simultaneously, and in adequate amounts.

Protein foods containing all the essential amino acids are the higher quality; in general, animal proteins (meat, milk, cheese, eggs, fish, poultry) are higher than plant sources. However, there are many things to consider when choosing sources of protein.

Eating meat means taking in more fat and cholesterol, more than your body may need (and which, in fact, may do damage to your body). For some people, there are ecological implications against eating meat. As Frances Moore Lappé noted in her book, *Diet For A Small Planet* (1971): to produce one pound of meat protein, an animal in the United States is fed sixteen pounds of nonmeat protein (grain, vegetables, legumes)—most of which could be eaten just as well by the people who eat the meat. Obviously, the amount of food used in this way could go a long way toward assuaging world hunger. For other people, there may be religious reasons to be vegetarian; or there may be concerns over steroids and preservatives found in the manufactured meat itself.

Certainly, the American medical community has recently advocated the healthy attitude of less red and smoked meat in our diets.

I am NOT a vegetarian. I have, however, like most of us, cut back on my meat consumption in recent years. There is no reason this cannot be done and still preserve (in fact, enhance) your health by finding alternative ways to

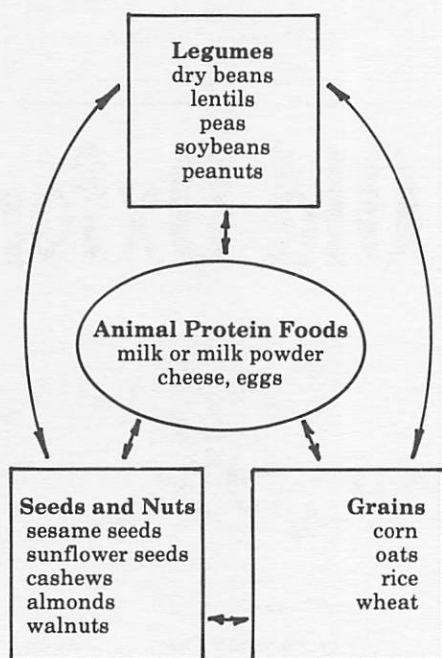
keep your essential amino acids intact. Here's how:

Foods which have some kinds of amino acids (or "incomplete" proteins) can be combined with other foods deficient in different amino acids, to give you a complete protein.

They complement each other. When these two (or more) foods are served together, they offer a nutritionally sound meal.

Earlier in history, people knew this, somehow. Some good examples of this would be the Indians' *succotash* (corn and beans), or the colonists' baked beans and brown bread. Or even peanut butter on wheat bread; macaroni and cheese.

This chart* explains a little better how this works:



The combinations are endless. And you will find that this kind of cooking isn't a lot different from the way your grandmothers used to cook.

*Chart and recipes come from the Cooperative Extension Service. They are an invaluable resource for nutritional information.

Black Bean Soup

4 c. black beans, soaked
3 Tablespoon oil
1 medium onion, chopped
3/4 teaspoon maggi seasoning (opt.)
3/4 teaspoon garlic salt
1-1/2 bay leaves
6 Tablespoons tomato purée
juice & rind of 1 lemon (or 2 Tblsp.
lemon juice & 1 Tblsp. rind)
12 c. vegetable stock or water
3/4 cup unsweetened apple juice
1 Tblsp. lemon juice
3 Tblsp. parsley

Dice onion and sauté in oil in large pot. Add soaked (uncooked) beans and stir. Stir in rest of ingredients except apple juice, lemon juice, and parsley. Simmer 3-4 hours or until beans are tender. Add apple juice, lemon juice and parsley when ready to serve. Serves 18-20 well; freezes well for future use; or cut the recipe in half.

Serve with Whole Wheat Muffins for 12.9 grams of protein.

Whole Wheat Muffins

3 c. whole wheat flour
1/3 c. brown sugar
1 tsp. salt
4-1/2 tsp. baking powder
2 eggs, beaten
1-1/3 c. milk
1/3 c. melted margarine.

Stir together well: whole wheat flour, brown sugar, salt, baking powder. In separate bowl, combine eggs, milk, margarine; stir into dry ingredients until just moistened.

Fill oiled muffin tins two-thirds full and bake 20 minutes in 375° oven. Makes 18 muffins.

Generally speaking, Americans over-consume protein—especially meat protein. The average adult needs only about one-third of a gram per pound of body weight daily.



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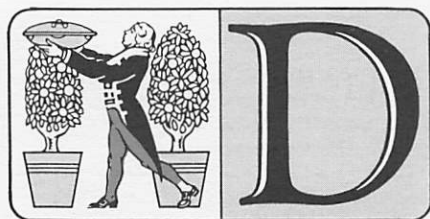
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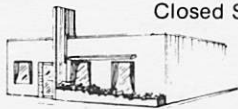
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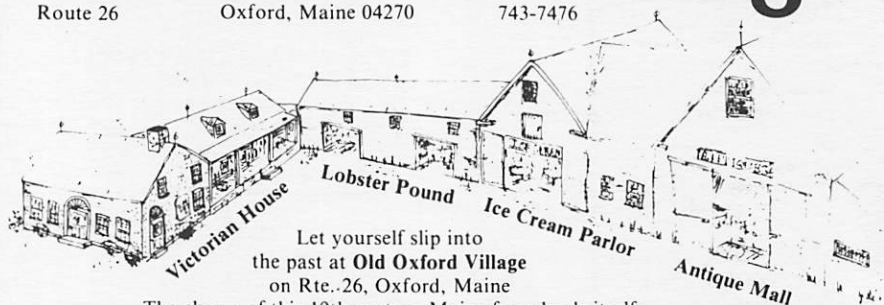
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MAINE'S ROAD THROUGH THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

The Pequawket Indians were the first to travel the mountain wilderness between the Cold River Valley and the valley of the "great fish river," the Androscoggin, to the north. Now, as part of Maine's Route 113, the trail they blazed provides a safe and scenic passage through Maine's Evans Notch District of the White Mountain National Forest.

by Robert Johnson

Robert Johnson is a photographer and writer living in Biddeford. His work has appeared in most Maine publications.

The Pequawket Indians were the first to travel the mountain wilderness between the Cold River Valley and the valley of the "great fish river," the Androscoggin, to the north. Now as part of Maine's Route 113 the trail they blazed provides a safe and scenic passage through Maine's Evans Notch District of the White Mountain National Forest. The road from Stow to Gilead, though not maintained in the winter, is usually melted clear by about May first and remains open until the fall's first lasting snowstorm.

It was in early August of 1791 that a party of Indians swept into Bethel, Maine and killed five white men. Fryeburg's John Evans was assigned the task of protecting the trail which would later bear his name. He had earned the rank of Captain, and a well-deserved reputation as an Indian fighter while one of the famous Rogers Rangers—as described in Kenneth Roberts' *Northwest Passage*. The Indians were repulsed and, because of the great timber resources of the region, the area grew in spite of its remoteness. The trail, however, became inadequate for the growing population.

On October 2, 1866, the Oxford County Commissioners met at the Gilead, Maine railroad station to consider a petition for an improved road signed by residents of Stow, Fryeburg, Lovell, Stoneham, Gilead, and the area known as Batchelder's Grant:

The undersigned respectfully represent that the public convenience and necessity require the location of a county road opening up communications for the inhabitants of the fertile valley of the Cold River in Stow and the land adjacent, with the Grand Trunk Railroad and the valley of the Androscoggin River.



Evans Notch



Railroad Station at Gilead



Brickett's Place

We therefore pray you to view and examine such a route commencing at or near the dwelling house of the late John Brickett in Stow and from thence northerly through said Stow and Batchelders Grant, and in the next place to some point in the town of Gilead.

Though it never became a wheel road at the time, a broad path was carved out of the forest wilderness along Maine's western border—which, among other things, allowed the farmers from the Stow area to get a sleigh through Evans Notch in the winter to go to the dances at Gilead. Several new routes and rebuildings of the road followed. It was not, however, until October of 1936 after two years' work by the Civilian Conservation Corps that the Evans Notch Road was dedicated and the first automobile traveled from Fryeburg to Gilead over what was accurately called "one of the most scenic highways in the White Mountains."

Today, Maine's Route 113 branches off Route 5 at Fryeburg where it crosses the Saco River on a modern steel bridge within a hundred yards of where the stone pilings of an earlier span still stand to the west. On the east side of the bridge is what may be the finest sand beach on a river in the state. This is a favorite picnic and swimming spot for the many canoeists that travel this picturesque and gentle stretch of the Saco.

Continuing northward towards the foothills of the White Mountains, Route 113 pays as little attention to state lines as do the many mountain streams that flow out of the hills into this valley; it crosses briefly into New Hampshire's Carroll County before completing the five miles to North Fryeburg and then going on to Stow. It is at Stow, a town that is probably a little quieter than it was when its population reached 551 in 1860

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With the railroad and several hundred lumberjacks working in the nearby woods, the town of Hastings became a bustling center of activity with a population of 300. In 1892 the village had established a school and boasted both electricity and telephone service.

during the lumbering boom, that the road crosses the boundary into the White Mountains National Forest, 45,000 acres of which are in Maine.

Leaving Stow, the meandering Route 113 makes another, and longer, journey out of Maine and returns from New Hampshire near the Cold River Campground and Basin Pond. It is just around the bend from here that the "dwelling place of the late John Brickett" still stands and is currently maintained by Boy Scout Troop 119 of Lexington, Massachusetts, in cooperation with the Forest Service. John Brickett, who built the house in 1812 with bricks he fired himself, was the hardiest of pioneers. He first built a log cabin in the area in 1803 and the first winter trekked three miles back and forth through the snow to his nearest neighbor to carry hay for his one cow. Both survived and produced many offspring.

From the Brickett Place the road rises steeply, following the diminishing flow of the Cold River to the highest point on the highway: Evans Notch at 1422 feet. This pass, with its breathtaking view of the ledges of Royce Mountain, was once destined to be the bed of the Portland and Ogdensburg Railroad. The firm, however, hired John Brickett to do the survey and was told by this man who didn't want the peace and the quiet of the wilderness disturbed by passing freight trains that such a venture was impossible!

From this high point the road goes downhill following Evans Brook northward through Batchelders Grant, an area of some 28,000 acres given by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to Josiah Batchelder in 1807. Settlers, who numbered 97 by the time Maine became a state in 1820, paid \$10 for their lots and cleared the land of its 250-foot high, 6-foot diameter trees, and attempted to farm the sparse topsoil of the hilly, rocky land. They had little success and there is no evidence of farming today as the area has grown back up



*The Wild River
at Gilead*

to forest.

Along with Evans Brook, Route 113 meets the Wild River where the town of Hastings once stood. The area was heavily logged from 1861 when the firm of Hammons and Hastings built a sawmill at the town of Gilead near the Grand Trunk Railroad. As it was difficult to drive logs down the appropriately named Wild River, it may have been partly at the urging of the principals of this firm that the petition of 1866 to build a new road was initiated. The road was rebuilt again in 1882 and that year 2 million logs and 500 cords of hemlock bark for tanning were shipped out of the area.

Though land and lumber companies changed hands several times, the region continued to grow as the wood products industries prospered. The settlement, now named Hastings after Major Gideon A. Hastings who had become a Civil War hero, was soon the site of a sawmill and the center of logging operations for thousands of acres of wilderness, reading up the Wild River through Maine and well into New Hampshire. In 1891 the Wild River Lumber Company was formed and this firm sought to solve the problem of getting logs off the mountains to Hastings and the finished products to Gilead, by building a railroad down the east bank of the Wild River. With a crew of 100 Italian immigrants, Boston Irish, and French Canadians, a full-gauge railroad was completed the following year. With the railroad

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12 Detroit 2:05 p.m.	13 Cleveland 7:35 p.m.	14 Cleveland 7:35 p.m.	15 Cleveland 7:35 p.m.	16 Detroit 7:35 p.m.	17 Detroit 7:35 p.m.	18 Detroit 2:15 p.m.
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26 New York 2:05 p.m.	27 New York 7:35 p.m.	28 Milwaukee 7:35 p.m.	29 Milwaukee 7:35 p.m.	30 Milwaukee 7:35 p.m.	Home game	Away game

Settlers in Batchelder's Grant, who numbered 97 by the time Maine became a state in 1820, paid \$10 for their lots and cleared the land of its 250-foot high, 6-foot diameter trees and attempted to farm the sparse topsoil of the hilly, rocky land. They had little success and there is no evidence of farming today as the area has grown back up to forest.



Footbridge over
the Wild River

and several hundred lumberjacks working in the nearby woods, Hastings became a bustling center of activity with a population of 300. In 1892 the village had established a school and boasted both electricity and telephone service.

The Wild River Lumber Company sold its assets and a much-depleted forest to the Hastings Lumber Company in 1898. This optimistic firm installed a new steam engine in the sawmill which was now capable of cutting 65,000 board feet a day. They also ran a special train to Gilead one night a week so that some of the 500 men they employed could go to the dances there. This heyday was short-lived. Because of spring floods that destroyed several railroad bridges and severe forest fires the following summer of 1903—both perhaps the result of irresponsible clearcutting—the Hastings Lumber Company went out of business. In 1904 the equipment, which had once consisted of two locomotives and some 100 horses used to twitch the logs to the spur lines, was liquidated.

The town of Hastings did not die as easily. Some logging continued and a firm was formed which made wool alcohol and its byproducts: acetate of lime and charcoal. A road was built over the old railbed—today's road follows it to Gilead—and a stage line served the community with two daily trips and a special run on Saturday nights for the dances at Gilead. But as the forest was depleted, the town was finally abandoned and its Post

Office closed in 1917. The CCC planted the area over with spruce and pine in 1933 and today all that remains as a testimony to this once-prosperous town is a campground bearing its name and a few cellar holes.

In 1911 the Weeks Act was passed which made possible the establishment of the White Mountains National Forest. This legislation was enacted with a clear understanding of the dangers of extensive clearcutting on the watershed, and with a foresight value of the fast-disappearing wilderness.

There is still logging in the forest and currently about 8 million board feet of lumber are harvested annually. However, the resource is selectively cut for a sustained yield and under Forest Service multiple use management an equal value is placed upon preserving the natural beauty of the area for wilderness recreation. There are 175 miles of hiking trails, and several campsites in the Evans Notch District which Route 113 traverses.

The many tributaries of the Wild River still provide good trout fishing as does the Wild River itself and parts of the Androscoggin. These meet at Gilead near the end of Route 113 at its junction with U. S. Route 2. Perhaps you will not have the luck of Hosea Lary, whom the *Berlin Independent* reported took 126 trout from Wild River one day in 1891—the game laws would make this very expensive luck today—but as you cross Little Lary brook on your way down Maine's roads through the White Mountains, you can, "By going into the wilderness forget the mean and petty things of life," as did a well-known and frequent visitor to the area—Maine's L. L. Bean.

The reader may wish to refer to a book by D. B. Wight, "The Wild River Wilderness," available at the Bethel, Maine public library, for a complete history of the area.

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Readers' Room:

THE SUMMER HE TURNED MAN

The summer he turned man was the summer he worked on the farm. It was the summer he sweated more than he had ever sweat in his life, piling bales of hay in the loft of the barn on a day when the insects hummed and the clouds hung low in the sky, giving the sun plenty of room to burn down on bathers and farmers alike. It was the summer he worked with the boy who hunted coon and cat in the winter, the thirteen-year-old who got drunk with his father on Friday nights, and the seventeen-year-old who supported his girl friend and her mother. It was the summer of testing relationships and being tested as the newest member of the crew. It was the summer of learning how to get a cow to move for you and learning how to avoid kicking hooves when putting on teat cups at milking time.

It was the summer he brought down the wrath of the crew by upsetting the bales of hay so they had to be stacked on the truck again, and the summer of shovelling until his shoulders cried for relief and then shovelling some more. It was the summer he held the bawling calves with the rope in their mouths while the farmer burned the nubs on their heads to prevent the growth of horns. It was the summer he helped deliver a calf, the one whose mother gave up, and who had to be pulled forth, first by sinewy grasp of the farmer, and then with a chain around its tiny white hooves.

It was the summer he learned to confess his mistakes as soon as he made them. It was also the summer the farmer hollered at him, "I'm not angry, only frustrated because either you don't listen, don't understand, or plan to do it your own way." It was the summer he learned to keep the car

filled with gasoline and the oil checked, and it was the summer he paid board and room and opened his own bank account. It was the summer he ate three sandwiches at lunchtime and flexed his muscles in front of the mirror before putting on his shirt after his evening swim. And it was the summer of making the most of free moments because work took up 60 hours a week.

Now, looking back on that summer, he remembers finding the abandoned kittens under the corner of the barn and getting the farmer's permission to feed them "whisker lickin's." He remembers No. 122 who butted him, not always so gently, as he worked in her pen. He remembers rescuing the frog from the chaff outside the feed bins. He remembers discovering the yellow spider in the raspberry patch as he painted the barn. He remembers driving the tractors and the trucks,

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COME TO THE FAIR

Pulling:

The Old and The New

Pictured at left is Cylas Cash, 2-year-old son of Charles and Charlene (Morang) Cash of South Woodstock, and a pair of blue-ribbon steers owned by Harry Burgess and trained by Charles Cash. Taught to pull with reins, they are shown at most fairs along with many other animals whose feats of strength have traditionally made the agricultural fair what it is.

But there's a new kind of pulling competition out there these days, and you can see it at the Oxford County Fair.

Tractor and 4-Wheel Drive pulling events will be scheduled every day of the fair (except Thursday) in a new location built just beyond the old pulling ring. Folks pitting their engines and skills against someone else's will find the TRACTION CONTRAPTION on hand at that new ring.

What is the Traction Contraption? Well, we're told the losers in this fast-growing sport like to refer to it as "the mean green machine." Perhaps you'd better go to the fair and find out!

and he remembers the early morning trips to the farm on lonely country roads. He remembers joking with the other farmhands and eating his lunch by the lake with a science-fiction book for a companion. He also remembers the wisdom imparted by the farmer as they worked shoulder to shoulder. "There's no need to worry because worry is only about two things—things you can't do anything about anyway, and things you can do something about. If it's the first, worry won't help, and if it's the second, then do something about it."

Now he is going off to college. He will come home at semester break and tell us about his work on the college newspaper, his roommate, freshman orientation, and the neat courses he is taking. But shaping the man will be the same challenges he met on the farm, cloaked in new and different forms, and whether he knows it or not, he will be better prepared to meet them because of that summer.

*T. Jewell Collins
North Waterford*

GATHER EVERY EGG

I'm asked, "What is happiness?" I expect it has a variety of definitions. I

prefer to think of it as a state of mind. It probably could be graded, like apples or eggs: small, medium, large, extra large; grade "A" or "B". Happiness comes in many forms and for varying lengths of time.

You can be engulfed for a fleeting moment like the nice all-over wonderful feeling a mother experiences when her baby says a new word or plants a warm, sticky baby kiss on her cheek, or even as you wipe the final dish, after being on your feet for hours. Happiness is the feeling of pride and satisfaction as you taste the result of a successful new recipe, or any number of small, yet gratifying experiences.

Or happiness could be the "medium" size variety, and last for an hour or a day. It is when a routine experience brings a feeling of pleasure and joy, like waking up in the morning with the sun shining warm and bright through the windows, your family happy, healthy, and safe; and rather than feeling disgruntled because you have to get up, you feel gloriously elated because you *can* get up. The feeling of well-being would be further magnified by a piece of unexpected mail, or a phone call from someone you like very much, or a good meal

with all the family present. These are minor things, perhaps—medium of size and possibly grade "B" in quality, but happiness is derived more often from the little things in life, and might elude us much of the time if we were to wait for only grade "A," extra-large, fancy type experiences.

Of course, we all occasionally bask in this finer, more readily-defined happiness, but it is perhaps no more thrilling than the other, only longer-lasting. It is when we have several days in succession, or even a week, when everything goes along smoothly and nice things keep happening; or maybe it is one extra-special event that casts an incandescent glow on the other, less significant events, and as a result produces an extended period of happiness. An example would be a wedding or a birth within the family, or a visit from someone very special. A perfect evening out often enhances an entire week in such a manner.

I think everyone should strive to find as many occasions to be happy as they possibly can. Each new day offers a wealth of happiness—producing opportunities that should not be overlooked or taken for granted. Happiness is infectious and conta-



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gious and can be easily spread about. I think all of us should be more perceptive and aware of the little things that bring pleasure, such as sunshine and flowers.

Happiness is loving and being loved. Happiness is good health, good sight, and legs to walk on. Happiness is extending a helping hand to someone in need.

Happiness is free and readily available to all; it's the buffer to cushion us during our inevitable sad times; the tonic more potent than any remedy in the drug store—and it doesn't require a prescription.

Happiness is a state of mind which should become a way of life. When every egg is gathered, and put indiscriminately in our basket, happiness abounds.

*Diane Scott
Buckfield*

MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE FORESTS OF MAINE

Happiness is a pristine forest; crystal-clear, trout-filled streams cascading down over great ledges; a tortuous river pursuing its serpentine course through heathland with banks shredded by the cloven hoofs of great herds of deer. I define happiness as all of the beauty I have experienced as a child and vigorous youth in the wilderness of Maine, which exists no more.

Man, with his cacophany of machinery and discordant power saws has inexorably destroyed a bucolic magnificence that I have known and lived, yet will never live again. So often I have given thanks to Him who deposits young growing *homo sapiens* on the earth. I was born to the right parents, in the right atmosphere, at the right time of living on this earth. The air, the waters, and forests knew no pollution. The entire pace of living was one of appreciation and respect for one's surroundings. There was a balance of nature's forests that man respected and protected for the generations to come.

Even then, there was an occasional misguided, brainless being who destroyed great quantities of fish and game animals without thought of mankind's physical and mental needs. I, at times, have pondered the inequities of man. In theory, there walks upon the earth's crust a biped who is

reputed to be the most highly developed mammal on earth. When I observe the wanton destruction of a mighty monarch of the forest without any attempt to harvest the animal in its entirety, I question where man stands in mammalian development.

With great sadness of mind and spirit, I have observed the heedless despoiling of much of the beauty and magnificence of Maine's wilderness environment through my years. I have been privileged to see great salmon spawning upon gravel beds in the fall, black-spotted silvery monsters that leaped into the air, casting spray upon the water's foaming surface. Man's greed and ignorance placed insurmountable barriers to the fall migration of these massive fish. Crystal-clear streams and rivers became open sewers from man's callous and selfish disregard in dumping his personal and factory effluent. I feel that there must be a re-education of humanity as to its obligation to the earth's environment.

Man with his cacophany of machinery and discordant power saws has inexorably destroyed a bucolic magnificence that will never live again . . . there must be a re-education of humanity as to its obligation to the earth's environment.

From ant lions to the mighty elephants, from the ugly-appearing fresh water sculpin to the greatest mammal on earth—our whales—there must be protection. Every living organism has an interrelationship if we are astute enough to recognize its importance. Man has the capacity to recognize that his presence, greed, proliferation, mechanization, pursuit of "easy" living can only perpetuate a destruction of himself and most living organisms upon the earth. Are we destined to destroy civilization and all living organisms upon this earth with one final cataclysmic explosion? Will there once again in time be a single organism evolve from the ocean's lapping upon some distant shore? Will some Great Being look down upon the debacle of earth's annihilation and remark, "Well, back to the drawing board. Now if I can create all animals again and a man animal upon this earth's crust, can I instill in him an

intellect to respect all things in their interrelationship?"

*Dr. Lowell Barnes
Hiram*

THE BEST HAMBURGER IN TOWN

by J. Featherstone Privy

Rating hamburgers is like rating kisses. It's easy to taste the difference, but very difficult to describe. However, with prices as they are, there has never been a greater need for a guide to the better hamburger. Twin lobsters, \$4.95 four years ago, are now fetching \$8.95 at best, and steaks are into double figures. While the fancy restaurants reviewed in city papers sound very attractive, the price of gasoline and babysitters make these restaurants a once-a-year event. A good hamburger consumed locally looks more and more attractive.

Hamburgers cooked at home are usually quite good. What is it that we do that makes them this way? We use plenty of meat and little or no filler (bread crumbs, grated carrots, potato). If the meat tends to be fatty, we grill or broil the hamburgers to avoid a greasy meal. Nor do we leave the patty on the barbecue grill excessively long, thereby rendering our meal into a small and hard, juiceless hockey puck. Meat more lean is seared on both sides to seal in the juices. It is cooked over rather high heat to avoid browning the patty in its own fat. The hamburger is presented in a bun large enough and fresh enough to present to the diner a silhouette of the Classic American Meal. The accoutrements: cheese, onion, tomato and lettuce, salt and pepper, relish and catsup, are, of course, in attendance. Your mouth by this time is watering. I understand. The home-cooked hamburger is a delight. The home chef fusses and presents the hamburger meal with a flourish and exercised care.

In restaurants, all too frequently a well-made hamburger is the exception rather than the rule. Many restaurants view the hamburger as a fast food, and the loving care of the home chef is found wanting. There are restaurants which specialize in hamburgers and take pride in their efforts. At *Carbur's*, for example, you can get a perfect hamburger, rated 10 on a scale of 10. However,

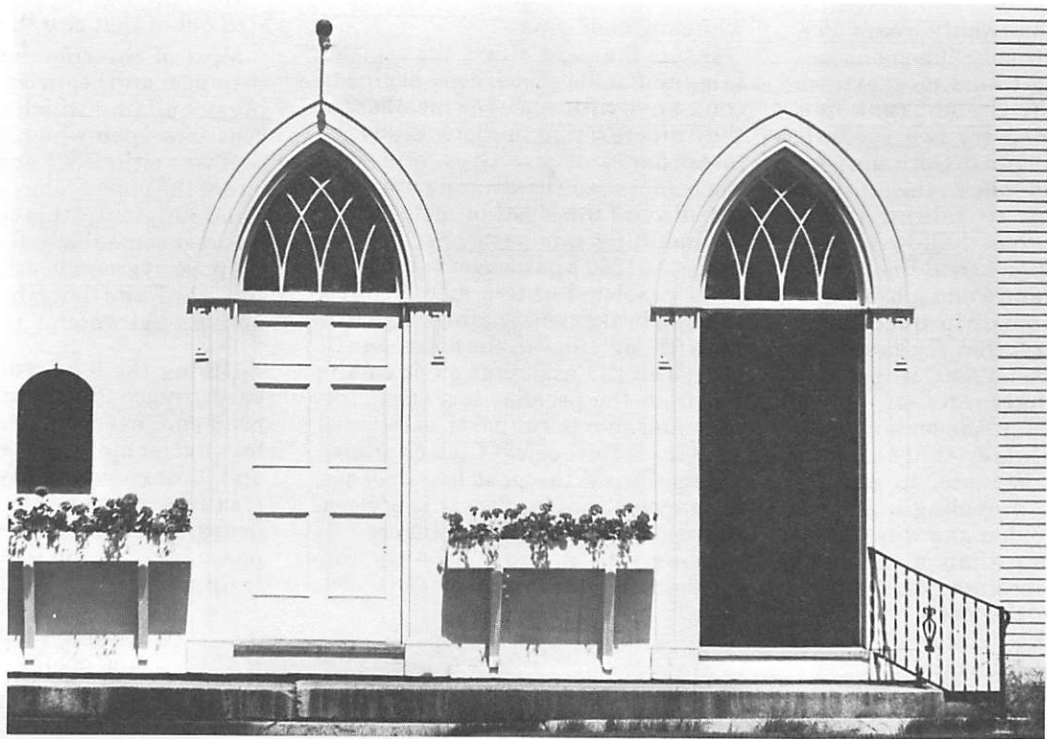


Photo by Dalmar McPherson, Gorham

it will cost you \$3.00 to \$4.00 plus travel expenses. That is hardly a bargain. There are excellent hamburgers right here in the Oxford Hills; not perfect, they are nevertheless very tasty and are well under the \$2.00 per hamburger acceptable limit. The trick, of course, is to avoid the fast-food attempts and to find those restaurants who love their burgers.

After three years of extensive research in testing hamburgers in the Oxford Hills area, and with the help of two assistants, I have located two restaurants worthy of mention. Over the past years each of us ordered two hamburgers or two cheeseburgers or combinations thereof at every restaurant serving hamburgers in the Oxford Hills area, which is roughly the S.A.D.#17 area and excludes Bridgton, Mechanic Falls, Bethel, and Buckfield. Restaurants selling only fancy hamburgers priced over the \$2.00 per burger limit were excluded from the ratings. Every restaurant was tried at least twice. We dined at the restaurant which was ultimately rated as first runner-up four times before rating it. We dined at the winning restaurant six times before deciding upon the final rating. In the process of our research, we consumed

over three hundred hamburgers. Other than an occasional third assistant, no one knew that we were in the process of rating hamburgers and providing for you this most priceless service. We rated only the hamburgers. Service was not rated; illness, summer crowds, chores and blizzards all can adversely affect service. We also did not rate decor and atmosphere. When you look like I do, you don't worry about ambience. We were also, let me make it clear, not in the business of rating restaurants in general. Therefore, we felt that it would be unfair to mention all restaurants and their ratings. Our purpose is, after all, to tell you where the good hamburgers are. Having lived here a very long time, I am not in the the business of hurting friends and their restaurants.

The *Chef's Table* serves the best hamburgers in Oxford Hills. No other place quite measures up. Hamburgers at the Chef's Table are decidedly the juiciest, best-cooked delights we've tasted anywhere in the area. They are well under the \$2.00 limit, juicy without being greasy, and contain little or no filler. Most importantly, they are cooked well without being well-done. The buns are substantial, fresh, and toasted for the asking. Cheeseburgers

are routinely served with Velveeta cheese; American cheese is substituted upon request. Although not rated, service at the Chef's Table is always excellent, blizzards notwithstanding. On a scale of 10, hamburgers at the Chef's Table rate an 8.0. When you try them, notice also the spectacular picture of Norway Lake in the dining room and the Massachusetts lobster over the bar.

Katie's Kitchen, our first runner-up, serves excellent hamburgers, rated at 7.5. They were close to, but never equalled the winning burgers. Time and care are taken in cooking them, the price is right, and the hamburgers are quite tasty. You won't go wrong ordering hamburgers at Katie's Kitchen.

Difference of opinion makes for a horse race. If your favorite hamburgers are found at a restaurant not mentioned, please let me know, care of *J.F.P., BitterSweet Magazine*. And if you are a cook and think you serve hamburgers of mention, by all means write in! Perhaps in three more years I will still be doing hamburger research, if not grading pizzas by this time.

Mr. Privy dashes off a bit of folderol for BitterSweet from time to time.

Part I: For twenty years Portland's 470 Railroad Club sponsored chartered foliage trains, most of them running over the Grand Trunk line. Generally, there were two separate trips: a Saturday run to Gorham, New Hampshire and back, the other a Sunday outing to Island Pond, Vermont—the great half-way point on the Portland-Montreal line.

It was the Island Pond job, a three-hundred-mile roundtrip up through the high country, that rekindled the memories of yesteryear when long distance passenger train travel was commonplace for those fortunate enough to have known that era; or for those not so fortunate, to stir the imagination by providing a glimpse of what that golden age was like. It treated the more than a thousand voyagers and spectators arriving at India Street in the early light of dawn to an unforgettable scene blending the hustle and bustle of the long-ago steam age with that of the present day diesel in readying a deluxe passenger service train for its journey.

Since the pre-dawn hours, heavy auto traffic has been arriving at the former site of the Grand Trunk station from Commercial, Fore and India Streets, and parking in makeshift lots under the direction of the host Club's volunteer attendants. Upon leaving one's vehicle and approaching the train, which stretches some twenty coaches long from the bumperpost of Track Number 4 to beyond the far end of the Portland Company buildings, it would seem by the overwhelming abundance of occupational garb that at least several hundred active and retired railroadmen are on hand to relive their moments in being actively involved in the readiness of such a train; but for the uninitiated, trying to pick out an actual number of the traincrew from this throng would be frustrating, for most are train enthusiasts or have simply dressed for the occasion. The neatly-uniformed vestibule attendants stationed at each coach doorway are members of the sponsoring club, identifiable by the distinctive "470" emblem on their black and

white railroad caps.

Inside the yard office, the register table and bulletin board are begins to come alive with voices as members of the traincrew sign the book, study the latest pages of directives, and with the company officials and club officers, discuss the sheaf of instructions for handling this passenger special. Since the 1860's passenger train crews have consisted of five men: conductor, two brakemen, engineer and fireman (though now in the diesel age he is termed the assistant engineman); but from the peculiarities of photostops and movie runpasts associated with these Enthusiast Club-chartered trains during the past two decades, management often deems it preferable to supplement the regular crew as necessary to ensure that every contingency which might arise is met.



FOLIAGE TRAIN

by John R. Davis

The bottom line of these pages of instructions emphasizes safety above all.

The operating crew this day is composed of Conductor Gordon LeFebvre, Brakemen Wayne Cole and Mike Clark, all of Island Pond; Engineman Tommy Goulet of Shelburne, New Hampshire. Augmenting them are Trainmaster Hughes J. O'Connor of Richmond, Quebec, and Traffic Representative Robert MacDonald of South Paris to perform the supervisory coordination and liaison between the operating crew and club officials. Policeman Howard R. Brown of Falmouth is overseeing on-train security, and I have been requested to substitute again as Engine Security Constable for the Montreal Road Foreman of Engines, who is covering similar enthusiast trains being oper-

ated out of that city this weekend.

Most of the crew have assembled their gear and begin leaving the building, a building which, with the adjacent area upon which the former station was situated, happens to occupy one of the most historical sites in Portland. Originally this spot was a bluff, its crest some thirty feet higher than the present groundlevel, and out across the yard the length of the train, nothing but water.

During the long walk out into the yard to reach the engines at the train's head-end, everyone feels history unfolding; for many of them are already, and throughout the day will continue, recalling events they witnessed or heard, or learned of during earlier passages over the line. Thereby, the train, for all on board, is turned into far more than just a ride through autumn's changing colors.

A stockade was erected on this bluff in 1680. Further enlarged in 1686, it contained four block-houses accommodating eight cannon and it was designated Fort Loyal. In May, 1690, an attack by five hundred French and Indians upon the community destroyed most of it, with the settlers seeking safety within the fort. Following a three-day siege, and with the assurance of liberty to march south, the fort surrendered; but after opening the gates, the survivors (mostly women and children) were forced north to Quebec as captives of the Indians. Two years later an expedition under Sir William Phipps came upon the bleached bones of those who had perished in defense of the fort and accorded them a proper burial, but it was to be an additional twenty years before the settlement was re-established. For well over the following century, that bluff served principally as a maritime navigational marker.

Then came this railroad to Montreal, conceived upon John Alfred Poor's witnessing the first train to operate on the Boston & Worcester railway in 1834. Carried in liaison with Alexander T. Galt, who for a decade studied routes and campaigned

for support, delivered by an epic sleighride in one of the worst blizzards ever to touch upon the Northeast, nurtured as Canada's winter road to the sea; it is commemorated as the First International Railway in North America.

Now, several dozen voyagers are gathered at varying distances around the front of the train, taking pictures of the three diesel locomotives or merely chatting with one another. Some move in closer as we ascend the steps of the leading unit, while others slowly edge back toward the coaches, perhaps sensing our appearance as a signal that it is nearly time to leave. It is yet some twenty minutes from the scheduled "All Aboard," as there are a multitude of pre-departure inspection tasks still in progress and others to be carried out. Inside the cab, panels of switches, lights, gauges, and control positions must be checked; there is housekeeping to perform and an inventory of supplies on hand to be made; then Engineer Samson proceeds back to check over the steam generator car behind the last locomotive while Assistant Engineman Goulet vanishes to inspect the second and third units internally. I am left to field whatever questions the onlookers pose.

And they do pose them: "Can Susie stand on the steps? Could Bobby see inside the cab? Why is the Alco (unit manufacturer) in the middle of the two EMD's? How many steam engines would this train need?" Officially, I must refuse the first two requests with a courteous explanation of company policy, but of course, Susie's picture was taken while I conveniently "inspected" the opposite side of the engine, and occasionally, dependent upon age and pre-observed behavior, Bobby did get to see inside the engine cab.

Even while explaining that the Alco power unit rides much too rough for having it the lead unit in either direction for this trip, my mind is surveying the vast yard area. I envision scenes of the bluff being scooped into the bay for landfill; broadgauge "puffing billies" spotting stubby freight cars pierce among four-masted

schooners and trains of flat-roofed coaches leaving the huge trainshed—the locomotive roundhouse with its covered turntable that the early artists so often depicted as a great, capitol-domed structure; woodpiles giving way to the odor of coal smoke; standard gauge tracks barely visible beneath the hundreds of cars being shoved around by three and four ponderous switching engines, themselves dwarfed in the shadow of two giant grain elevators with their tentacles of gantries capable of carrying 10,000 bushels of prairie gold per hour to each of four waiting ocean steamers; and the depot's splendid clocktower as it vanishes from the harbor skyline.

And there are recollections of having stood here in the final years of the steam locomotive, photographing de-



More Than Just A Train Ride Through Autumn's Changing Colors

parture of the morning passenger train for Montreal. Finally, I rejoin Samson and Goulet at the rear steps of the first unit, where they are discussing matters with personnel from the Motive Power and Car Equipment Department.

One unique feature of the diesel-electric locomotive is its capability of operating several units from one cab through the use of a multiple-control connection, but it does not always work flawlessly when units from one manufacturer are linked with those produced by another firm. There have been rare instances during a change

Photos: (above left) the author in the engine of the final foliage train trip in 1980; (above right) Mt. Abram through the train windows. Photos by Nancy Marcotte.

in throttle loading that the "different" unit has failed to carry the proper control impulse through to the next trailing unit, thereby causing the latter's ground relay to trip and cease operating. Theoretically, that would activate an alarm on the controlling unit to alert the crew to a shutdown and necessitating an engineman to go back and restart the dead unit independently and then place it back on multiple operation. On past foliage trains the motive power has been provided by units of the same make, so in view of the odd unit's being situated in the middle for this trip, it is decided that I will monitor the third unit between here and Danville to see how things go.

Rescuing my coffee thermos and a few doughnuts from the lead engine, I walk back to the third cab. I scan the main panel switch positions and, after thumbing through the engine's logbook to review any past mechanical problems that have been written up for the shop to correct, settle back to await the "All Aboard."

Within a few moments, the radio crackles with Conductor LeFebvre's voice: "Engineman on the CN Passenger Extra 4550 West, Berlin Sub-Division, this is the conductor. You may proceed when ready."

Acknowledging this transmission with: "Conductor on the CN Passenger Extra 4550 West, Berlin Sub-Division, this is the engineer. I may proceed when ready," Gordy signals departure with a yank of the whistle cord, and releases the brakes. There is a whirring of traction motors as 5300 horses are brought into step, and the foliage train begins winding its way out of the yard.

Slowly the train transits the curve at Fish Point. This is where construction of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence began, July 4th, 1846—after a big parade of floats along Congress Street, a sumptuous cotillion on a hillside near the Observatory, and lots of speeches. Leading participants reassembled inside the old fort grounds and Governor Hugh J. Anderson, using a silverplated spade, loaded and wheeled away the first barrow-

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load of earth for spreading onto the parapets below while the band struck *Yankee Doodle Dandy*. Then Monsieur George Desbarats of Montreal loaded and wheeled away the second barrowful to the music of *God Save The Queen*, followed by Judge Preble, Mayor Greeley, and the other dignitaries. After that it was every man for himself, and at sunset all traces of that fort were gone.

The train eases past the bathing beach, a small outcrop of land long owned by the railroad and over the years the site of a smelter, piers for receiving coal ships, and small boatworks. During World War II the railway deeded the property to the city, although it had been serving as a public beach for a number of years previously. The old west yard slips by, then the train is braked to a momentary halt, and after a whistle signal to the bridge tender, the engines begin creeping slowly out onto the trestle. To the left only a few pilings remain of the many that once supported the Portland Junction station and the old Portland & Rochester interchange tracks. There is a sharp clatter as the engine trucks touch upon the swingspan rails; albatross perched atop solitary pilings take wing to escape the noisy rumble on the bridge. When the steam generator car clears the draw, one feels the sudden surge of speed before hearing the increase of power.

Passing Burnham and Morrill's, the speedometer climbs upward, the Autoroute and Veranda Street overpasses, in quick succession, muffle the roar coming from the exhaust stacks. All too quickly, the train thunders by the former East Deering engine terminal, with roundhouse, coalshed, and office building still visible across what once was a marshalling yard holding eleven hundred and fifty cars. Now, it is filled with large warehouse buildings including, ironically, a highway trucking firm.

The unit sways gently as East Deering fades out of sight and now there are fleeting glimpses of the adjacent autoroute, some motorists keeping in pace with the train, while others speed ahead to find a photogenic spot to stop and watch. The train rumbles across Bridge Number 5, the Presumpscot, forty-two feet above the river.

Far below, a photographer, reclining against the highway embankment, achieves his recording of a classic scene.

Milepost Seven flashes by. Above here, a broken rail put Train Number 16 on the ground back in 1918. The smoker went onto its side, but the coaches remained pretty much upright. A passenger and a railway carpenter died when the car overturned and another traveler succumbed the following day of injuries received in the mishap.

The train whizzes past and races on for numerous country road grade-crossings, each dotted with autos parked off the pavement, their occupants outside, arms waving in elation; this presents to all riding on this pleasure train a scene very much akin to those first excursion trains moving over this stretch of ground one hundred and thirty years earlier, when rural farm families waited at these same places in horse-drawn wagons and carriages to watch and wave. Only the fashions, methods, and equipment designs have changed, not really the times.

Portlanders were accorded the pleasure of celebrating July 4th, 1848, by riding out to Yarmouth and back aboard a series of excursion runs. The Atlantic & St. Lawrence sponsored them as a preview to their offering revenue service between the communities to commence the following day. Using the contractor's engine (for the infant railway did not yet possess any of its own) and a string of open gravel and flatcars, the excursion traincrew had a busy day going back and forth. Some 2600 rode those trains, a noteworthy figure to achieve considering their cars were barely twenty feet in length, and carried only about 350 adventurous persons per train for reasons of individual safety.

In these nineteen 80-foot cars trailing the steam-generating car on the foliage train, seventeen coaches and two baggage cars, the ticketed passenger tally is slightly more than 970.

Speed slackens approaching Yarmouth; more youngsters and oldsters are trackside as the train glides through the village, and decreases still more coming off Bridge Number 8, the Royal River #6.

Read next month about the flaming North Yarmouth wreck in 1912; a headless hobo at Danville . . . and much more!



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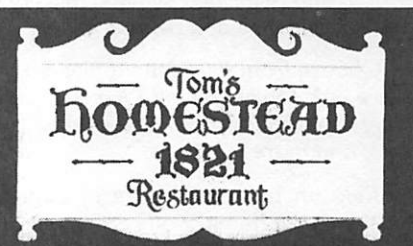
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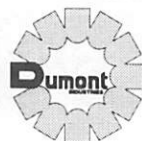
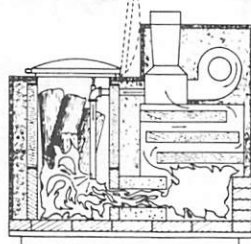
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Susanna and Sue

by Kate Douglas Wiggin

Supper was over and Susanna and Sue were lying in a little upper chamber under the stars. It was the very one that Susanna had slept in as a child, or that she had been put to bed in, for there was little sleep that night for any one. She had leaned on the window-sill with her mother and watched the pillar of flame and smoke ascend from the burning barn; and once in the early morning she had stolen out of bed and, kneeling by the open window, had watched the two silent Shaker brothers who were guarding the smouldering ruins, fearful lest the wind should rise and bear any spark to the roofs of the precious buildings that had labored so hard to save.

The chamber was spotless and devoid of ornament. The paint was robin's egg blue and of a satin gloss. The shining floor was of the same color, and neat braided rugs covered exposed places near the bureau, washstand, and bed. Various useful articles of Shaker manufacture interested Sue greatly: the exquisite straw-work that covered the whisk-broom; the mending-basket, pincushion, needle-book, spool- and watch-cases, hair receivers, pintrays, might all have been put together by fairy fingers.

Sue's prayers had been fervent, but a trifle disjointed, covering all subjects from Jack and Fardie, to Grandma in heaven and Aunt Louisa at the farm, with special references to Elder-ess Abby and the Shaker cows, and petitions that the next day be fair so that she could see them milked. Excitement at her strange, unaccustomed surroundings had put the child's mind in a very whirl, and she had astonished her mother with a very new and disturbing version of the Lord's Prayer, ending: "God give us our debts and help us to forget our debtors and theirs be the glory, Amen." Now she lay quietly on the wall side of the clean, narrow bed, while her mother listened to hear the regular breathing that would mean that she was off for the land of dreams. The child's sleep would leave the mother

free to slip out of bed and look at the stars; free to pray and long and wonder and suffer and repent—not wholly, but in part, for she was really at peace in all but the innermost citadel of her conscience. She had left her husband, and for the moment, at all events, she was fiercely glad; but she had left her boy, and Jack was only ten. Jack was not the helpless, clinging sort; he was a little piece of his father, and his favorite. Aunt Louisa would surely take him, and Jack would scarcely feel the difference, for he had never shown any special affection for anybody. Still, he was her child, nobody could possibly get around that fact, and it was a stumbling-block in the way of forgetfulness or ease of mind. Oh, but for that, what unspeakable content she could feel in this quiet haven, this self-respecting solitude! To have her thoughts, her emotions, her words, her *self* to herself once more, as she had had them before she was married at seventeen. To go to sleep in peace, without listening for a step she had once heard with gladness, but that now sometimes stumbled unsteadily on the stair; or to dream as happy women dreamed, without being roused by the voice of the present John, a voice so different from that of the past John that it made the heart ache to listen to it.

Sue's voice broke the stillness: "How long are we going to stay here, Mardie?"

"I don't know, Sue; I think perhaps as long as they'll let us."

"Will Fardie come and see us?"

"I don't expect him."

"Who'll take care of Jack, Mardie?"

"Your Aunt Louisa."

"She'll scold him awfully, but he never cries; he just says, 'Pooh! What do I care?' Oh, I forgot to pray for that very nicest Shaker gentleman that said he'd let me help him feed the calves! Had n't I better get out of bed and do it? I'd 'specially like to."

"Very well, Sue; and then go to sleep."

Safely in bed again, there was a long pause, and then the eager little



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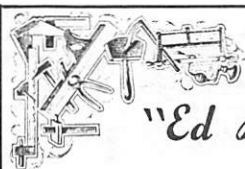
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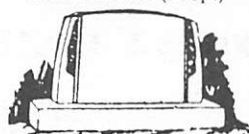
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voice began, "Who'll take care of Fardie, now?"

"He's a big man; he does n't need anybody."

"What if he's sick?"

"We must go back to him, I suppose."

"To-morrow's Sunday; what if he needs us to-morrow, Mardie?"

"I don't know, I don't know! Oh Sue, Sue, don't ask your wretched mother any more questions, for she cannot bear them to-night. Cuddle up close to her; love her and forgive her and help her to know what's right."

Chapter 2

A Son of Adam

When Susanna Nelson at seventeen married John Hathaway, she had the usual cogent reasons for so doing, with some rather more unusual ones added thereto. She was alone in the world, and her life with an uncle, her mother's only relative, was an unhappy one. No assistance in the household tasks that she had ever been able to render made her a welcome member of the family or kept her from feeling a burden, and she belonged no more to the little circle at seventeen than she did when she became a part of it at twelve. The hope of being independent and earning her own living had sustained her through the last year; but it was a very timid, self-distrustful, love-starved little heart that John Hathaway stormed and carried by assault. Her girl's life in a country school and her uncle's very rigid and orthodox home had been devoid of emotion or experience; still, her mother had early sown seeds in her mind and spirit that even in the most arid soil were certain to flower into beauty when the time for flowering came; and intellectually Susanna was the clever daughter of clever parents. She was very immature, because, after early childhood, her environment had not been favorable to her development. At seventeen she began to dream of a future as bright as the past had been dreary and uneventful. Visions of happiness, of goodness, and of service haunted her, and sometimes, gleaming through the mists of dawning womanhood, the figure, all luminous, of The Man!

When John Hathaway appeared on the horizon, she promptly clothed him in all the beautiful garments of her dreams; they were a grotesque misfit,

but when we intimate that women have confused the dream and the reality before, and may even do so again, we make the only possible excuse for poor little Susanna Nelson.

John Hathaway was the very image of the outer world that lay beyond Susanna's village. He was a fairly prosperous, genial, handsome young merchant, who looked upon life as a place furnished by Providence in which to have "a good time." His parents had frequently told him that it was expedient for him to "settle down," and he supposed that he might finally do so, if he should ever find a girl who would tempt him to relinquish his liberty. (The line that divides liberty and license was a little vague to John Hathaway!) It is curious that he should not have chosen for his life-partner some thoughtless, rosy, romping young person, whose highest conception of connubial happiness would have been to drive twenty miles to the seashore on a Sunday, and having partaken of all the season's delicacies, solid and liquid, to come home hilarious by moonlight. That, however, is not the way the little love-imps do their work in the world; or it is possible that they are not imps at all who provoke and stimulate and arrange these strange marriages—not imps, but honest, chastening little character-builders? In any event, the moment that John Hathaway first beheld Susanna Nelson was the moment of his surrender; yet the wooing was as incomprehensible as that of a fragile, dainty little hummingbird by a pompous, greedy, big-breasted robin.

Susanna was like a New England anemone. Her face was oval in shape and smooth and pale as a pearl. Her hair was dark, not very heavy, and soft as a child's. Her lips were delicate and sensitive, her eyes a cool gray—clear, steady, and shaded by darker lashes. When John Hathaway met her shy, maidenly glance and heard her pretty, dovelike voice, it is strange he did not see that there was a bit too much saint in her to make a willing comrade of his gay, roistering life. But as a matter of fact, John Hathaway saw nothing at all; nothing but that Susanna Nelson was a lovely girl and he wanted her for his own. The type was one he had never met before, one that allured him by its mysteries and piqued him by its shy aloofness.

John had "a way with him"—a way that speedily won Susanna; and after all there was a best to him as well as a worst. He had a twinkling eye, an infectious laugh, a sweet disposition, and while he was overly-susceptible to the charm of a pretty face, he had a chivalrous admiration for all women, coupled, it must be confessed, with a decided lack of discrimination in values. His boyish light-heartedness had a charm for everybody, including Susanna; a charm that lasted until she discovered that his heart was light not only when it ought to be light, but when it ought to be heavy.

... Never were two beings more hopelessly unlike than John Hathaway single and John Hathaway married, but the bliss lasted a few years, nevertheless; partly because Susanna's charm was deep and penetrating, the sort to hold a false man for a time and a true man forever; partly because she tried, as a girl or woman seldom has tried before, to do her duty and to keep her own ideal unshattered.

John had always been convivial, but Susanna at seventeen had been at once too innocent and too ignorant to judge a man's tendencies truly, or rate his character at its real worth. As time went on, his earlier leanings grew more definite; he spent on pleasure far more than he could afford, and his conduct became a byword in the neighborhood. His boy he loved. He felt on a level with Jack, could understand him, play with him, punish him, and make friends with him; but little Sue was different. She always seemed to him the concentrated essence of her mother's soul, and when unhappy days came, he never looked in her radiant, searching eyes without a consciousness of inferiority. The little creature had loved her jolly, handsome, careless father at first, even though she feared him; but of late she had grown shy, silent, and timid, for his indifference chilled her and she flung herself upon her mother's love with an almost unchildlike intensity. This unhappy relation between the father and the child gave Susanna's heart new pangs... The crash came in course of time. John transcended the bounds of his wife's patience more and more. She made her last protests; then she took one passionate day to make up her mind—a day when John and the boy were away together; a day of complete revolt against everything she was

facing in the present and, as far as she could see, everything that she had to face in the future. Prayer for light left her in darkness, and she had no human creature to advise her. Often during the year just past she had thought of the peace, the grateful solitude and shelter of that Shaker settlement hidden among New England orchards; that quiet haven where there was neither marrying nor giving in marriage. Now her bruised heart longed for such a life of nun-like simplicity and consecration, where men and women met only as brothers and

sisters, where they worked side by side with no thought of personal passion or personal gain, but only for the common good of the community...

Susanna was not unlettered, but she had certainly never read Meredith or she would have learned that "love is an affair for two, and only for two can it be as quick, as constant in intercommunication as are sun and earth, through the cloud, or face to face. They take their breath of life from each other in signs of affection, proofs of faithfulness, incentives to admiration. But a solitary soul drag-

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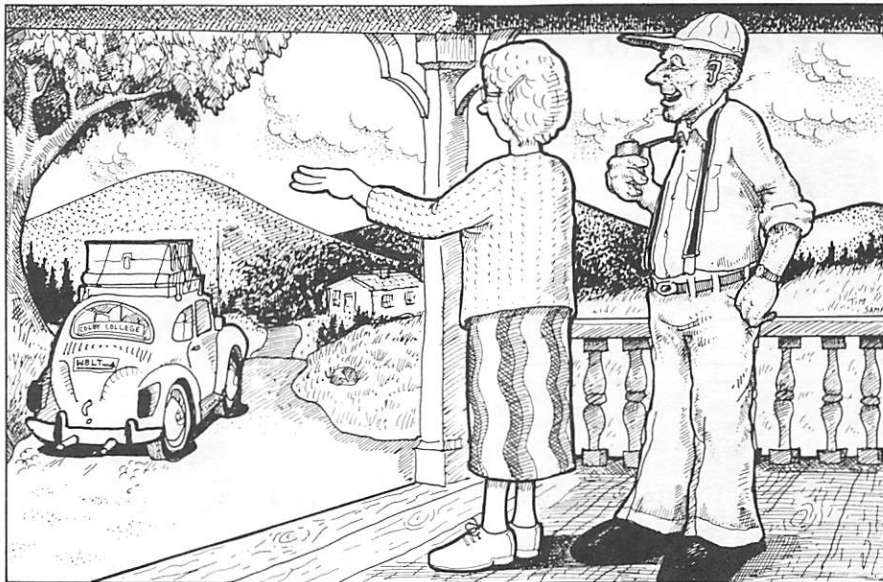
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ging a log must make the log a God to
rejoice the burden."...

The "age of discretion" is a moveable feast of extraordinary uncertainty, and John Hathaway was a little behindhand in overtaking it. As a matter of fact, he had never for an instant looked life squarely in the face. He took a casual glance at it now and then, after he was married, but it presented no very distinguishable features, nothing to make him stop and think, nothing to arouse in him any special sense of responsibility...

When Jack and his father returned from their outing at eight o'clock in the evening, having had supper at a wayside hotel, the boy went to bed philosophically, lighting his lamp for himself, the conclusion being that the two other members of the household were a little late, but would be in presently.

The next morning was bright and fair. Jack waked at cockcrow, and after calling to his mother and Sue, jumped out of bed, ran into their rooms to find them empty, then bounced down the stairs two at a time, going through the sitting-room on his way to find Ellen in the kitchen. His father was sitting at the table with the still-lighted student lamp on it; the table where lessons had been learned, books read, stories told, mending done, checkers and dominoes played; the big, round walnut table that was the focus of family life—but mother's table, not father's.

John Hathaway had never left his chair nor taken off his hat. His cane leaned against his knee, his gloves were in his left hand, while the right held Susanna's letter...

... You have made me (it read)—
who was your choice, your wife, the
head of your house, the woman who
brought your children into the world—
you have made me an object of pity; a
poor, neglected thing who could not
meet her neighbors' eyes without
blushing.

Any one who wished to pierce John Hathaway's armor at that period of his life would have had to use a very sharp and pointed arrow, for he was well wadded with the belief that a man had a right to do what he likes. Susanna's shaft was tipped with truth and dipped in the blood of her outraged heart. She had never shot an arrow before, and her skill was instinctive, rather than scientific, but the powers were on her side and she aimed better than she knew—those who took note of John Hathaway's behavior that summer would have testified willingly to that. It was the summer in which his boyish irresponsibility slipped away from him once and for all; a summer in which the face of life ceased to be an indistinguishable mass of meaningless events and disclosed an order, a reason, a purpose hitherto unseen and undefined. The boy "grew up," rather tardily it must be confessed. His soul had not added a cubit to its stature in sunshine, gayety and prosperity; it took the shock of grief, hurt pride, solitude, and remorse to make a man of John Hathaway.

Continued Next Month

Be looking in a future issue for the story of the Shaker Community at Alfred, where Kate Douglas Wiggin lived to research the Shaker roots of this story.



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Driving down the road—
Watching concrete yellow lines
Turn into plastic places
Houses, rows and rows—in them
People have no faces. I'm
Seeing towns where towns don't
Deserve to be.
Towns don't look like real towns
Anymore
Before—
People were their own
No one owned their souls
A happy life, a challenge, was their
goal.
A simple hand-wrought abode was their
home.
But now—
We've grown a lot
But how have we grown?
I hear "progress," I see
Destruction.
We've sold our souls to those
Who are Dead to living.

February 15, 1981
Meghan Hays

THE WOMAN

Bow your proud heads! Be humble!
The woman is walking by; she carries
nought;
But what she ought,
And is never caught on sly.
You! With your tall necks, your greedy
necks
You try to reach the sky; But
The woman who walks—far, far below
Is never the fool to try.
You wear your clothes all tailor-made;
A crown to top it all,
The woman who passes—Yes, the one
over there;
Has hardly clothes at all.
But she is a thing of beauty,
She wears a silent, stylish grace;
And that is all she seems to need,
With nothing to hide her face.
So bow your proud heads! Take heed!
Do nothing to catch her eye;
Be still and silent while she passes;
The woman is walking by.

Meghan Hays, Age 16
Washington, D.C.
Georgetown Day High School

UNTITLED POEMS

- 1) I am afraid
to face tomorrow
because yesterday is still
glistening in my tears
- 2) it seems my tears
have been falling for so long now
why is it that
no one but me
notices them

- 3) let go of me
leave me alone
let me fall
if that's what it takes
but if I do make a mistake
and I fall, I must do it on my own.
I must do some things on my own!
even if it's just making mistakes
- 4) My idea of an ideal person
is someone who has been through a lot
so they could understand.
They would be a hard worker
and would be able to take criticism.
It would be someone who did not
think they were better than someone
else.
This person would be ashamed to hate
but proud to love.
It would be someone who is not perfect.

Tammy Coburn, Age 16
Livermore Falls High School
Maureen Marchetti, Teacher

ACROSTICS

Hark! don't you hear that cry?
Everyboy walking by,
Lives at risk! Persons in fear!
People! People! Don't you hear?

Poems abound in my brain, but often
a pencil does not provide an
Open path, clear of obstructions, so
Every thought may
Travel freely to
Release my thoughts so they can be
Yours.

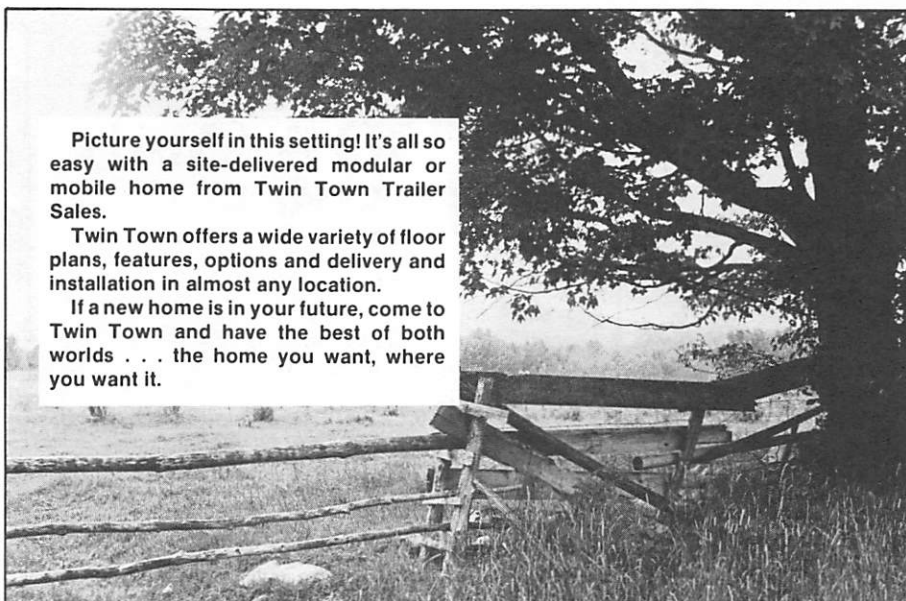
Makes you practice
Up and down the
Scales
Intonations
Closing phrasing.

Ticking, tocking, never stopping
In motion always
Momentum never stopping
Ending never, moving through the days.

Revelling
Over new love, while
Milling over
Events in his
Open past
—AND—

Joyous over the
Uplifting in her
Life
Intent on spending
Eternity in
The arms of Romeo.

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UNTITLED

It is small, furry and harmless.
It looks at me with its soft curious eyes.
As I gently hold it in my arms,
it struggles to get away.
A ball of yarn, a piece of string . . .
that's all it takes to satisfy this
friendly thing.
It looks up at me . . . "Meow."
I love you.

*Bobbi Lyn Mercier, Age 15
Mexico High School
JoAnne Kerr, Teacher*

ODE TO HIM

A bird, so young and free, spreads his wings and soars away. What I'd give to be a bird. The wind in my face and soul would be heaven. If I were a bird I'd fly down and sit next to the lonely girl. My eyes would hold sympathy as hers hold pain. I'd sing my sweet song until a full smile falls upon her face. Only I'm not a bird and he soars away from the lonely girl, he soars away from me.

The blurred fields begin to focus, bringing alive the visions of swaying grass. The whispering breeze brings your voice and leads me on endlessly. As I walk, the sun shines brightly, sending radiant shimmers bouncing from blade to blade. My hand moves to a mind of its own as it gently touches the petals of a nearby daisy, still damp with the morning dew.

I give this to you with many reasons.

One is for the sweet-smelling petals that bring back the laughter and the beauty of having you by my side. Another is for the thorns which bring the tears I've shed for you. But now I shall bring forth the most important reason. The red rose stands for "I love you," and I do.

The morning is empty. Even as the sun peeks high above the mountains there's nothing for me to hang on to. Only you can make the sun truthfully shine for me. You can make its rays dance upon the water instead of sinking to the rocks below. The trees no longer whisper to me but sway in silence. I too whisper in silence for your love to return.

The blossoms outside my window open more with each coming morning. Bitterness replaces their beauty when I think of the way you turned your back on me. When you turned to someone else, it hurt; it turned the new leaves brown and wrinkled. The purple flowers shriveled and fell to the ground where you stepped on them before walking out of my life.

My reflection ripples as a tear hits the water below. Now I see me as I am inside; unsure, and undefined when you're not at my side. The trees around me hold emptiness only to be filled by your presence. Now I whisper into a new spring blossom, "Come to me. Love me."

*Betsy Clogston, Age 15
Mexico High School
JoAnne Kerr, Teacher*

HAIKU

Trees always standing
Like frail men frozen in time
In spring life flows forth
Grass, frail but strong
It's made flat but still grows tall
Strong but soft is grass.

*Fevzi Ekinci
Livermore Falls High School*

THERE

The dark isn't there
but it's after me as I try to sleep.
Pulling up my covers to protect myself,
I feel the sweat start to pour,
My whole body begins to shake.

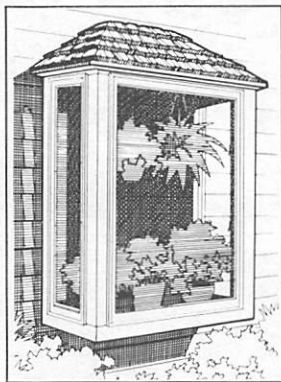
I feel it getting closer.
It starts to suffocate me.
My room begins to spin,
As I watch the dark laugh
and make faces at me.

What did it say?
I can't tell, for it has many faces now.
They're all pointing at me,
Still getting closer.

Why doesn't it ever reach me?
It laughs so loud my ears start to hurt.
Now colors are soaring—flying!
It's so beautiful that I'm no longer
scared.

My room is endless, endless.
I think it said, "there . . ."
*Wendy Thompson, Age 15
Livermore Falls High School
Ruth Shacter, Teacher*

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THE MIRROR

The twin eyed her sister in deep thought. Her sister didn't seem to notice the intent gaze which rested upon her. Leaving her sister, the twin's eyes scanned the palace refractory filled with many nobles awaiting the sumptuous meal. Some were men, others women. It was a brilliant scene indeed. Flowing gowns and tippets with small, silk trains waving off the top added vivid color to the gem-like room. The men's outfits were just as brilliant with their velvet knee-length breeches rimmed with fur and matching tights with pointed shoes. Many of them had their coat of arms showing proudly.

Beautiful chandeliers and wine goblets filled the room with even more sparkle. But the most elegant of all were the twin queens seated in large, gilt chairs at the center of the table. They looked alike in every aspect but their clothing. With the same auburn hair flowing from a circle of gold atop their heads to the same blue, almond-shaped eyes, to the same petite figures, they appeared to be mirror images. They were like a woman and her reflection. Yes, they seemed alike in every way possible . . . except for their personalities.

Catherine was selfish and greedy and very outspoken about what was on her

mind, while Elizabeth kept more to herself and let Catherine take on the business of running a country. Very infrequently would Elizabeth openly disagree with her sister. Of the two, Catherine was dominant. All during Elizabeth's childhood, Catherine abused her terribly, taking from her whatever it was she wanted. Yet, Elizabeth would never go to her father, the king, and tell him of Catherine's doings; mainly for fear that her punishment from her sister would increase.

Unfortunately, the king never noticed Catherine's jealous antics because he rarely saw them except for certain occasions. Seeing him as an idol, Catherine loved her father with her very being. But it seemed to her that all his attention was kept on Elizabeth. There was a special bond shared between the two of them. Just about everybody liked Elizabeth over Catherine. Who wouldn't, after meeting Elizabeth's seemingly kind, gentle nature? Of course, the king did love *both* his daughters dearly; they were all he had left of his beloved, deceased wife, and they held a special place in the corner of his heart.

When he died, he left the kingdom to the twins. Normally, the first-born would inherit the throne, but there was some confusion over which it was. They were both to sit on the thrones of the palace. There were certain rules, however, which were to be followed. One of the twins was not to make a decision without consulting and getting full consent from the other. If a disagreement was to occur, the highest nobles were to hear them both and vote upon it.

In the case of the death of one of the twins, the survivor was to rule as absolute monarch. That was the statement which especially stamped itself upon Catherine's scheming mind. She wanted total power, to reign as the supreme ruler of all the countryside, and she most certainly would try to get it.

"I must rid myself, once and for all, of Elizabeth," Catherine thought to herself as she watched the conversing of the guests.

Once during the course of the entertainment, Catherine passed to a portly noble a small message. He accepted it, read it, and cast her an inquiring look and a nod.

It was late that night, after all the guests and Elizabeth had left, when the portly noble entered Catherine's chambers, where she was waiting for him. He knelt before her.

"Get up," she ordered.

"What is it you wish of me, my queen?" the noble inquired.

"You have been known to accept higher positions in exchange for . . . a . . . favor, have you not?"

"Wherever did you hear that filthy lie?" the noble asked nervously.

"Oh, let's not play games, Maximillian. I want you to do me a . . . favor, if you would."

He paused before saying, "I really do not know what you are talking about."

"There would be much in it for you," Catherine pushed.

Maximillian hesitated apprehensively, then said: "Assuming, I did you a . . . favor, what would I get out of it? Just assuming, Your Majesty."

"Just assuming, wouldn't you enjoy holding a high position rather than the one you hold now? Would you not enjoy having a rich son-in-law?"

"Hmmm," he murmured. "Assuming I did you a favor, what would it be?"

"Ah, looks like we're starting to get somewhere. Would you be willing to terminate a life? Just assuming."

"Whose, Your Majesty?"

"My sister's."

Maximillian chuckled softly. "Now I understand. You want no . . . obstacles, shall we say, in the path of your ruling power, eh?"

"Assuming."

Maximillian paced nervously, not knowing if he was being tested. Then, "how do you want it done?"

"Dogs."

"Dogs?"

"Yes. You see, I loathe my sister and want her to have the most terrifying death possible."

"Why dogs?"

"She has always had a kind of phobia of dogs. Can you do it?"

"It will take a few days to get a good pair of dogs."

"That's all right. I have all the time in the world."

A week had gone by as routinely as it could in a kingdom, when Catherine once again called the noble to her chambers late at night.

"Well?" Catherine asked.

"Name the time and place, Your Majesty. The dogs will be there," Maximillian replied. "But first, I would like some kind of proof of your promise."

"Would a signed document betrothing your daughter to Prince Edward IV suffice?"

"What about my higher position, my queen?"

"That will be mentioned, also."

"Fair enough," he said greedily. "When and where?"

Catherine thought a moment. The noble waited impatiently.

"During the ball tomorrow night, put the dogs in her room. When dawn approaches, remove them."

The morrow came and the daylight faded to night hastily. Nobles from all over the far countryside gathered in the large palace ballroom. Decorated with gold and silver, the ballroom was spectacular. Elizabeth enjoyed herself immensely and the nobles enjoyed her company much more than that of Catherine.

Catherine's nervousness could be seen in her actions, like a cat waiting for a dog to leave so that it can come down from the tree, she waited impatiently for the ball to end.

Once during the ball Maximillian passed Catherine and whispered to her, "It is all set."

The ball was over and the guests dispersed to their faraway kingdoms. Elizabeth walked to her room while Catherine followed quietly. When Elizabeth entered her room, Catherine peered around a corridor corner and watched in secret joy. She heard a thud and a scream from within the confines of Elizabeth's room. Catherine laughed joyously and headed for her own room to make it appear as though she had been sleeping during the time of the murder.

She opened her door and entered the room, closing the door behind her. The smile vanished from her face to be replaced by a look of sheer terror! From within the darkness of the room four eyes glared unblinkingly at her and deep-throated growls could be heard. Suddenly, the eyes flew through the air, leaped upon her, and sent her sprawling on the floor. All their trained killing instinct was alive and let loose.

"No," she screamed, groping in the darkness, "this wasn't supposed to happen!"

She tried to open the door, but it was locked. The dogs were upon her again, causing her to drop to the floor. She clawed at the door pitifully until her fingers left blood stains upon the wood. Wherever one dog happened to miss her, the other found. Finally the twin lay on the floor in a heap, crying and screaming in agony and fright. From outside hysterical laughter could be heard.

"Open the door," she screamed.

The laughter grew louder, but Catherine couldn't hear it or anything else ever again.

"Really, my dear sister," the laughing voice said. "You didn't think I would have let you get away with murdering me first, did you?" The laughter continued insanely.

"Pretty good sound effects, eh? I will have to take pride in myself for making a much better offer to Maximillian than you did. I have finally gotten even with you, Catherine. You'll never dominate me again."

Elizabeth laughed uproariously. She was, in fact, a mirror image of Catherine.

Stacey Knight, Age 15
Mexico High School



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Goings On

SIDEWALK ART FESTIVAL: 5th Annual Sidewalk Art Festival in Jackson, New Hampshire, Sat. Sept. 4, 11:00 - 5:00. (Rain date Sept. 5.) Sponsored by the Jackson Resort Association.

PRINTS AT THE JOAN WHITNEY PAYSON GALLERY OF ART: *Leonardo Lasansky*, Figure drawings and figurative prints; also *Intaglio: An Appreciation*, an exhibition on the history of intaglio printmaking. Sept. 5 - Oct. 17, Westbrook College. Gallery hrs.: Tues.-Fri. 10-4; Sat. & Sun. 1-5.

PORTLAND MUSEUM OF ART: An illustrated lecture on *Sir John Sloane: Architect and Man* by Giles A. Waterfield, Director of Dulwich Picture Gallery, London, England. Thurs., Oct. 7 at the Museum, 111 High St. Sloane's domed clerestory windows at Dulwich are the prototypes for the lantern windows in the Museum's new building. Sponsored by Margaret Coleman Brown Memorial Fund.

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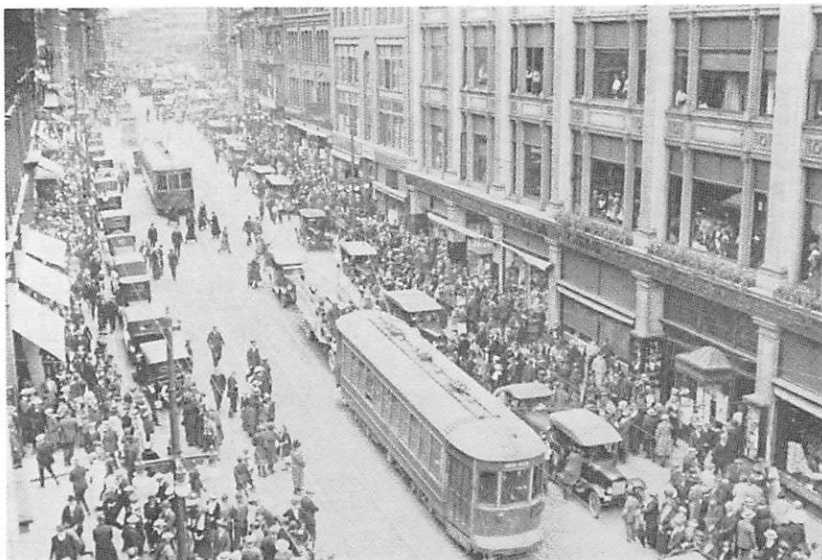
BRICK STORE MUSEUM: 117 Main St., Kennebunk. *Louis D. Norton, 1868 - 1940*, watercolors, pastels & oils by Kennebunkport Impressionist. Through Oct. 2. *William E. Barry, 1847 - 1932*, *Colonial Revival Architect-Antiquarian*, watercolors, models, pen & ink drawings from his book "Pen Sketches of Old Houses," one of the first published books of early American architecture. Through Oct. 15.

LECTURES AT THE JONES GALLERY OF GLASS & CERAMICS: Sebago, Maine. Open through October, the newly-renovated museum features a collection of over 3,000 objects of glass and ceramics spanning more than 25 centuries; as well as over 2,000 reference works and a slide library. The gallery store features glass & ceramics for sale. Lectures for September: *Turn of the Century Glass Tablewares & The Fenton Glass Company* by Mr. William Heacock on Sept. 11. There will also be a book-signing, on Sept. 10 from 1:00 - 4:00. *Chinese Porcelain and Its Influence on European Ceramics* will be presented by Mr. William Sargent, Curator of the China Trade Museum, Milton, Mass. on Sept. 25. He will also demonstrate pottery techniques. Admission for the full-day lecture, including lunch, is \$15.00. For more information, call (207) 787-3370.

To reach the gallery: Take Exit 8 from the Maine Turnpike to Gorham, then Rte. 114 to East Sebago; from No. Conway, take Rte. 302; from Bridgton, Rte. 107.

Can You Place It?

If you recognize this locality, write us at P. O. Box 6, Norway, ME 04268. The first to identify it will receive a free subscription to BitterSweet.



Mr. Richard Box of Norway wrote of our August photo: "The mystery picture... was taken from the west side of Bridge Street in Norway, showing the so-called 'gingerbread house,' located opposite the Universalist Church on Main Street. This house was known for many years as the Fred Cummings home, and was built by contractor Richard Evans for his family of nine children... Richard Evans built the Norway Academy, the South Paris and Island Pond railroad stations, and many other lesser-know structures. Two of the sons, Warren and George, were active inventors and received numerous patents on a wide variety of devices, the best known being the 38-shot lever-action rifle... A younger brother, George, was a skilled mechanic and had prospered enough by 1864 to purchase Bennett's Mills, making him the fourth largest taxpayer in Norway that year. Along with agricultural implements, he made at least part of the machinery installed in the Denison paper mills in Mechanic Falls. He later served as works manager for the Evans Rifle Manufacturing Company." He was the winner of the free subscription. Also answering were Mrs. Hubert Watson, Alma Dixon, and Clifford Dubey of Norway; Daniel Morse and Hazel Morse of South Paris; and John Morrison of Thomaston. They all recalled the beautiful flower gardens (including pond lilies) which were grown there by Fred and Cora Cummings. The photo was loaned to us by Charlotte Longley Orr.



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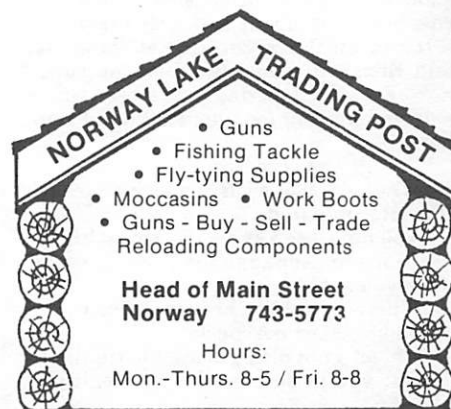
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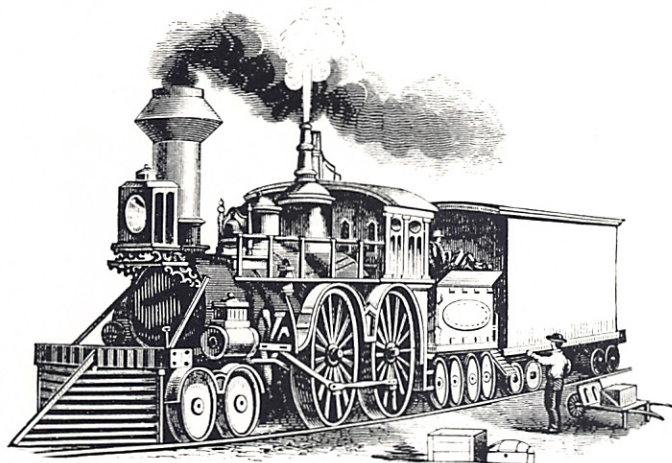
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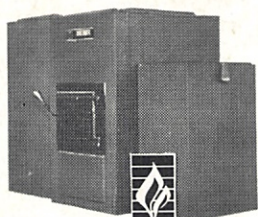
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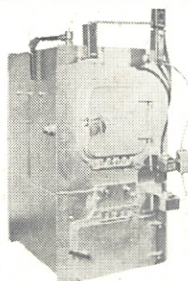


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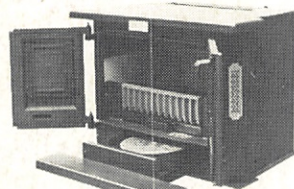
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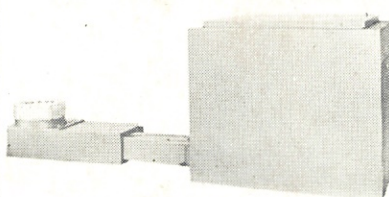
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